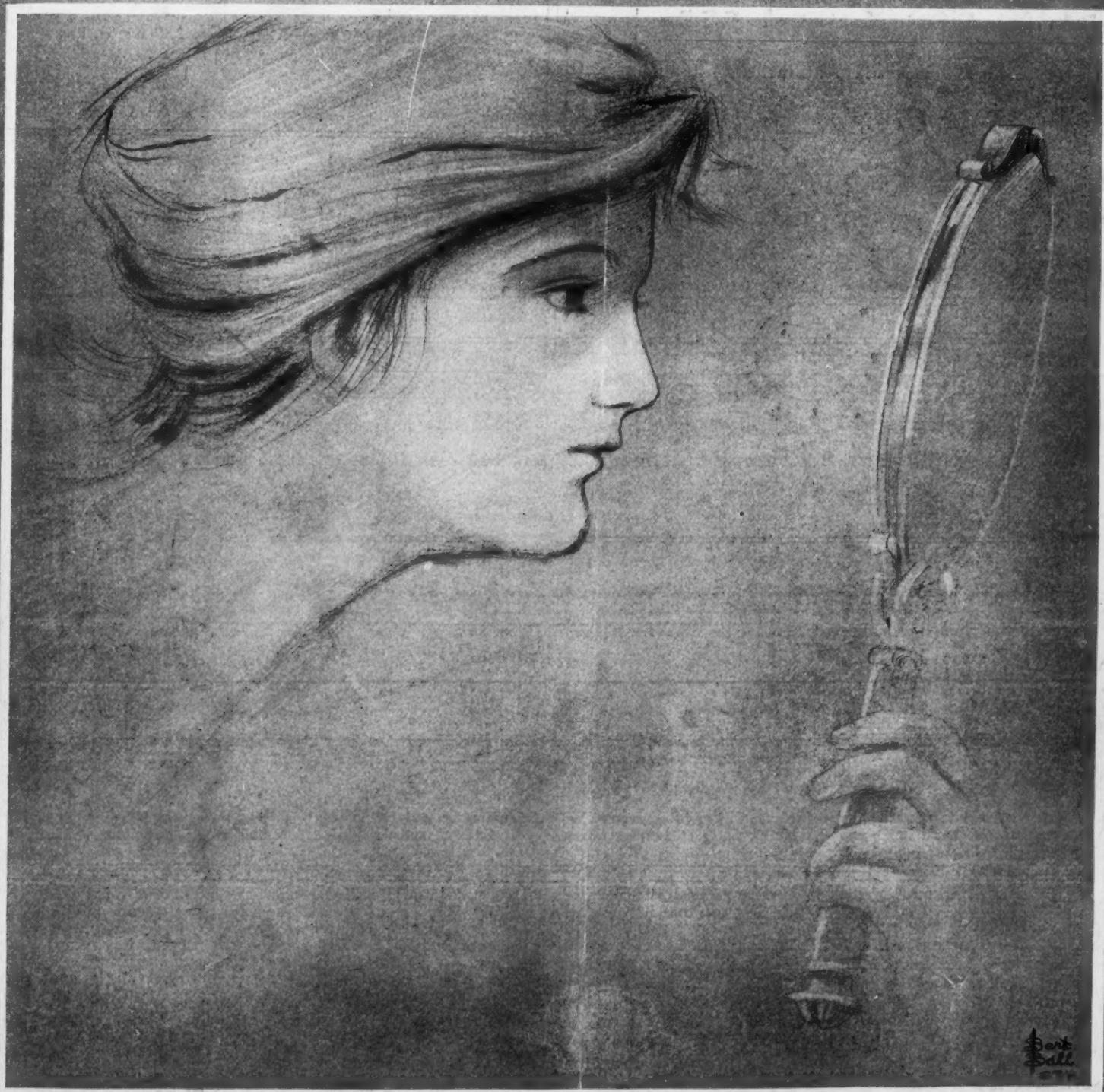


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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Gaelic Revival

By W. M. R.

NEXT week Dr. Douglas Hyde comes to St. Louis to preach the gospel of the Gaelic revival, and all the sons and daughters of Erin will bid him *Caed mille failtha*. It is a rare thing in contemporaneous history, this rebirth of a language as the ultimate emphatic spirit of nationality. England when she conquered Ireland stamped out the Irish language. Some few people still kept its wild, weird, mystic music on their lips and in their hearts and handed it on secretly to their children. Those who cherished the old speech were mostly and often the poor and lowly, though a few scholars labored lovingly on the old manuscripts and books to be found hidden away in Ireland and elsewhere. Irishmen have been no small part of the glory of English literature. There are Burke and Goldsmith and Sheridan and Swift and others too many to name. They imparted to the English tongue much of their racial volatility, sadness, passion, sympathy—all the qualities that are found intensely suffusing the archaic speech of the Gael. Within a few years a few men, Dr. Hyde at their head, have revived the study of Irish and now that language is once again living. Public servants in Ireland are required to be able to read and speak Irish, books by the hundred are printed in the ancient language, poems are written in it, and plays and stories, all of which carry in themselves the misty, pantheistic-spiritual quality of the Irish atmosphere of mist over lonely but lovely dells and rough crags. The Irish epic of "Cuchullain" has been rediscovered and the tale of Deirdre, "unhappy Helen of a Western land," told again. The ancient spirit of Ireland has come back in the language and its action upon the founts of feeling is such an intensification of the spirit of nationality as goes deeper and rises higher even than the raptures of the propagandist of political revolution. The soul of a people, their breath truly in the Greek sense of *Psyche*, is in the language. All other expression of a people than in their own speech must be a clogging of the utterance, a fumbling of the media wherethrough soul speaks to soul. With the revival of the language Irish aspirations transcend mere questions of fiscal and social and political and economic reform. They go beyond all that, to the very essential of racial distinction. The language holds the beauty and pathos of their past. It sings within them, heartening them for the future, and the men and women who print their songs and plays are asserting their racial genius in a way which gives the eternal lie to the carefully cultivated British slander that the Irish as a race were a conglomerate of savage boors and *omhadauns*. The Irish all over the world are studying Irish, writing it, speaking it, soaking themselves, as it were, in its color and sound and in its far-borne significances reaching back to the Druids. In St. Louis Brother Bernardine, of the Christian Brothers' College, teaches quite a large class in Irish and has to decline other pupils. Dr. Hyde's coming is a great stimulus to the cause and the cause itself is a stimulus to other phases of Irish national or racial activity, for it has not only been a source of enthusiasm for the Home Rulers, but it has assisted even the work of Sir Horace Plunkett in the revival of Irish agriculture, and it has given birth to a great movement for the restoration of Irish industry, particularly in delicate craftsmanship and useful artistry. There is no movement in history quite comparable with this Irish renaissance, and it is peculiar in that it is not

a reactionary, atavistic looking back to archaic ideals or conditions, but is simply the supreme assertion of the Irish spirit of nationality wishing to link its greatest past with every most modern yearning of the present. It is not a dream. It is practical. It has arrested the attention of the world of art and letters and science. Therefore it is to be hoped that the Irish of St. Louis will give Dr. Hyde such a reception as will demonstrate their fealty to the land that was a realm of bards and artists before the coming of Patrick, and after that the island of "poets and saints."

Another Case in Point

By W. M. R.

THIS is from the *Globe-Democrat's* real estate columns Wednesday morning, January 10th, without the change of a comma:

"The building at 717 and 719 Washington avenue was sold yesterday through the agency of J. M. Levi & Co. for the Robert and William Goldstein estates, to Louis P. and David B. Aloe, for \$175,000. The building is a five-story structure and was erected about 1880 by Isaac Walker, who at that time owned the entire Washington avenue front of the block. Later he divided the property among his children. The lot has a frontage of 45 feet and a depth of 110 and lies 45 feet east of Eighth street, adjoining property of the William H. Thompson estate, which runs to the corner.

"As an illustration of the advance in values of property on Washington avenue, the records show that the Goldsteins bought the lot in 1883 for \$33,000. The property at that time had a depth of 150 feet. In 1889 they sold 40 feet of the rear portion to William H. Thompson for \$11,000, making the original cost of the property sold yesterday \$22,000. Yesterday's sale indicates an advance of 800 per cent in twenty-five years."

Who earned the increase of 800 per cent in the value of this property in the last twenty-five years? Not the Goldsteins. They did nothing to increase the value. All they did was to hold on.

The community did the work.

Every man, woman and child in the city did something in all those years to increase the value of the property.

They should have the benefit of the increase. The rental value of the property should be taxed into the public treasury. The increment of the property does not, in justice, belong to the holder, because he has done nothing to earn it. The value is mostly public value. The public should have the benefit of that value, which it creates. The man who must pay for the property is not the man or men who hold it, but the man or men who use it. The landlord punishes the tenant for using the property. The law taxes the tenant for using the property. The public gets but a small portion of its share in the property. The only way in which the public can get its share is by taxing the rent.

This would put all the tax on the land. It would fall on the man who had simply let the other people do the work. It would deprive him of any increment growing out of the use of the land by others.

The single tax upon land, therefore, would abolish slavery to the landlord, because he wouldn't hold land that he couldn't use, because he wouldn't pay the tax equal to the public's share in the value of the land. The landlord would not be allowed to pocket the results of the activities of others. The tenant would not have to pay enormous prices for the occupancy of the land, since there would be plenty of unoccupied land, because unoccupied land would not be held out. The tax would be too heavy. The

of land would be emancipated of subjection to the mere holder of land.

There's nothing that booms the single tax theory of land and taxation like a good sized real estate boom such as we are now having. It brings home to the public daily the fact that the land originally belongs to all the people, that the values of land are made by all the people, that the increment of land belongs to the people, that the holding out of land forces concentration of population and enhances value in certain places, that the present land system makes the workers support the drones of society. Land-holding sucks the public of its earnings. It is the base of all monopoly. It is the fundamental feature of all privilege to tax the many for the benefit of the few, to exploit the public's own property and functions for the profit of an increasingly small minority.

Reflections

WATCH for this! A proposition from the Terminal Association to sell the city the Eads bridge and tunnel, a part of the price to be a franchise for another bridge of larger capacity and cheaper operation. The free bridgers will then have what they want, and then they won't want it. It may be a few months before the proposal will come up, but we shall have it presented. And then we shall see the economic fallacy of a free bridge without terminals. Ferries are the only means whereby quickly to cut down and keep down bridge and terminal charges.

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TAFT seems still to be the favorite in the betting on the next Republican Presidential race. The best evidence is that the opposition directs most of its attacks at Taft's administrative specialties—the Philippines and the Canal. Root isn't in the books. He's too close to Tom F. Ryan and the other big New York sharpers.

❖ ❖

Bryan and Graft.

MR. JAMES F. BARRY'S San Francisco *Star*, gives prominence in a recent issue to a sharp article in the Johnstown, Pa., *Democrat*, in which attention is called to the fact that in all the scandal of high finance, not a single "Bryanite" has been implicated. None of the bank wreckers of the Walsh type has been identified with Mr. Bryan or his cause. In fact, Walsh, who had been a Democrat up to 1896, swung his paper, the *Chicago Chronicle*, to the support of McKinley. Every insurance scoundrel that has thus far been placed in the pillory and exposed was a society savior in 1896 and 1900. It was one of the most powerful anti-Bryan arguments that his policies would imperil the policies of the policy-holders in the great insurance companies, and the great benign heads of those companies were solemnly quoted as contemplating with aching hearts the possibility of any Bryanite attack on the money of the widows and orphans. All the rebaters were of the same kidney. The thieves and wreckers and defaulters, in every instance, were the vociferous defenders of the "national honor" in those great struggles. Not a single man caught in the meshes or exposed in the lime light was a "free silver crank" or a member of the "dangerous class" that nominated and supported the Nebraskan. It is only truth to history to add that wherever any of the most important of the recent great reform works were undertaken, professed Bryanites were well to the front in the movement for betterment. Bryan's candidacy was the first great threat against

graft. And Roosevelt's accidental accession to the Presidency happened just at the time that the victorious opponents of Bryanism were "framing up" for their fruits of victory. The same people who believed Bryan anarchical, believed that Roosevelt was erratic. Bryan was the inspiration of the anti-graft movement. History will so proclaim him, but without robbing Roosevelt of his due.

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Is Senator Warner with Kerens? Is he? The postmaster at Columbia is an Elkins, a relative of Kerens' old Star Route pal, Stephen B., of West Virginia.

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William Rainey Harper.

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER, who made the Chicago University, is dead. He was somewhat eclipsed by Rockefeller's dollars, but those dollars were only Harper's tools after all. The Chicago University is a great achievement. It has even survived the ridicule brought upon it by the character of its chief benefactor. Dr. Harper's work will loom up greater when the university's output of scholars begins to assert itself in the world. The educational scheme of Dr. Harper and its outcome are what will count for Harper's fame when Rockefeller's money and how he acquired it are forgotten. If that scheme shall give the country men not hidebound to antiquated authority, if that scheme shall draw its educational motif from the great storehouse of common sense to be found in a sane and ordered public opinion, then will Harper be an immortal. For education to-day is not to be derived from the thoughts exclusively of past ages, but from the thought of to-day broadened and enlarged by that sympathy of men for fellowmen which is, if anything, the highest development of our civilization. Will the Harper scheme develop better men, or will it develop only smarter men? If the latter, then it shall be a failure. Will it educate the mind in the light that comes from the glow of a better heart? If so, then Chicago University shall be a beacon to light future generations to a happier life. Mere science, mere knowledge *per se* will do nothing for humanity. What the educational system of this time most needs is an adjustment of the development of the individual intelligence to the development of a more universal sympathy. We need education fitted more to the spiritual needs of man and not so much of an effort to subjugate man to the effete empiricisms of thinkers who did their thinking in times and under conditions which induced them to strive for the creation of a Brahmin caste among men. Education of the future must not be designed to give the educated advantage over their fellows, but to enable them to help their fellows. It must have for its end the destruction of everything however hoary that has in the past been used to enable one man to get what belongs to another. Education must tend to conserve the rights of all, rather than devise sophisticated excuses for the appropriation of those rights by the few. Rockefeller's money may not have been given with such education in view, but Rockefeller's money some day will diminish as public right gathers back to itself what private laws have taken from it and the endowment he has given the university will not be sufficient to silence those teachers who may see the wrongs out of which that endowment grew. The popular intelligence has discovered, without higher educational aid, the evil of the system of which he is the flower and the education of the university of the future will have to align itself near the plain common sense and the natural kind heart of the masses or pass away completely. The learned men,

the men of the scholastic tradition, have ever been at odds with the liberative thought and feeling coming up from the plain people. They have in mere learning ossified their sympathies. If William Rainey Harper's scheme of future education at his great university contemplates a better correlation between the learning of the schools and the instinctive intuitive sense of right in the consciences of the people it will be a great institution. If not, it will die. "Knowledge is power" was the old dogma of the educationist. "Knowledge is love" is the new and better dictum.

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GOVERNOR FOLK is a great pardoner and commutator of sentences for all sorts of criminals except boodlers. The quality of his mercy appears to be very much strained.

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Smashing Malthusianism.

OVER in England the Liberals are carrying things with a tremendous sweep. Balfour's defeat at Manchester was catastrophic in extent and all the more important elections show a great reaction against the programme of philosophic doubt. Positivism has the call. The proposal to tax up to something near the limit the land values meets with general approval among the masses, because it strikes at the land monopoly which fattens on the people in a thousand and one forms of privilege growing out of land tenure upon inadequate terms of compensation. The Single Tax theory, with its essential democracy of logic, is the issue that overshadows free trade even while being a connotation of Cobdenism. The classes are arrayed against Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his associates and they are rallying to the cry against Socialism and Home Rule. The Liberals are not pledged to Home Rule, but the land programme carries Home Rule within itself and the Irishry "see the cat" and are supporting the Liberals. They are a power in the big English towns. "The land for the people" is a powerful slogan and it makes the aristocracy tremble, though it only asserts that the aristocrats and monopolists generally shall render to the public tribute for the privileges they enjoy. The Single Tax will democratize England, Ireland and Scotland. It will destroy the heartless Malthusianism of the hitherto ruling classes, for it will show that there is land enough for all if only those who wrongfully, because uselessly, hold land are forced to let go and leave the land to the use of the people who are debarred from such use. From the first returns it looks as if the British elections will result in something like a rout of the superior classes similar to our own recent rout of the bosses who are the tools of privilege.

❖ ❖

BOB KERN for Jefferson Club "angel!" And after what the St. Louis gang did to him in two races for Congress! The Jefferson Club wants nothing better than a chance to get a Folk man at its head and then pull out from under him. The Jefferson-police-panel-game club is nothing but a putrid reminiscence, and there isn't enough iodoform in the drug stores to disinfect it.

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Which Leg First?

SHOULD a man don his right or his left sleeve, his right or his left trousers leg first? This is the question learned pundits are discussing voluminously in the New York *Sun*. This is a grave point of form and should be settled. There is no one in New York competent to settle it. Mr. Frank D. Hirschberg of this city might decide it, or Mr. Park von Wedelstaedt, or Mr. Carl Schraubstadter, or Mr. Luther Kennett. If they could not do it individually

or collectively, they might consult Mr. J. Laurence Mauran, and even send to Washington or elsewhere for Mr. Diaz Albertini, who was our social arbiter during the World's Fair period. While the experts are on this matter they might as well try to find out and explain to us why a woman always puts her left stocking on first. Is it because the left foot is the larger, as shoe-fitters tell us? These things worry us much when we get to thinking about them, for trifles make up the sum of human things—and there is a sense of tears in human things, as Virgil first said—and the mere matter of putting one's trousers on wrong leg first may conceivably be as bad in some secret, hieratic way, as putting the garment on wrong end foremost. If a man's or a nation's destiny be decided by whether he turns to right or left at a crossing of roads, why may not his fate be bound up in the fact of his inserting one or the other leg first into his trousers of a morning? Still, if the St. Louis gentlemen, experts all, cannot solve the mystery we shall feel that there is no solution.

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Our Stock Market Articles

THE MIRROR acknowledges the receipt of a letter signed "Broker," in which the writer denounces the MIRROR's weekly stock market letter because it is "always pessimistic." The MIRROR's stock market letters are probably defective in that they are not framed to the end of aiding "Broker" to unload certain securities upon his patrons. They are written to convey an honest opinion of the market, and not to sell stuff. The MIRROR's financial articles are not very respectful towards the Wall street gamblers, but they have been justified by the developments in finance and speculation. The market is not, and has not been for a long time, a natural market. It is continually rigged and doped and juggled, and the men who control it have been playing to get the people into the game to be trimmed. The MIRROR's stock market articles are not written to help out the tricksters, or to boom this or that issue, but solely to inform the readers of this paper as truthfully and honestly as possible of the aspects and inner workings of the great tape game. The MIRROR isn't capping for those who want to unload. It ministers rather to people who are looking to the stock market for investments, or, at least, speculative opportunities that are based upon other things than the mere desire of brokers to get rid of this or that brand of truck and trash that may be temporarily burdensome. "Broker" wants a stock market letter that says always: "Buy!" But when "Broker" wants to sell, why should anyone buy? The MIRROR's stock market articles will continue to be truthful as regards the operations of the stocks in Wall street.

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CHAIRMAN EVANS is going to organize the Democrats in each of the eleven thousand school districts in Missouri. They need it, especially as there's no chance of the Democrats carrying St. Louis next time. Folk does well to let St. Lou's politics alone. All he needs do is keep on cleaning up the police department here, showing up why the police and panel workers were against him, and making himself strong in the country.

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Woe in Chillicothe

THE residents of Chillicothe are in a peck of trouble, to use a homely expression. For a long time after Gov. Folk ordered the Sunday lid applied all over the State, Chillicothe stood out and defied him, on the theory that the charter of the city gave the municipal authorities absolute control of the regulation of dramshops. The Governor finally con-

vinced the town that it was not as large as the State. Now the waterworks of the town are out of fix, and a genuine drink famine is threatened. The town may burn up, for there is not beer enough on hand to quench a great conflagration. Such are the vicissitudes of Missouri municipalities that assume metropolitan ways under the rule of a Sunday lid Governor.

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SENATOR BEVERIDGE and Congressman Overstreet of Indianapolis, have quarreled over patronage. Chairman Harry S. New of the National Committee is with Overstreet. This disintegrates the Indiana forces opposed to Fairbanks for President and weakens Beveridge's status as a possibility. The Gifted Boy is losing ground before his Marmoreally Mournful Nibs, the Vice President.

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Bazoo Against Fiddle

CHAMP CLARK may yet meet his Waterloo in Pike County. Jerry Milner of the Star Hope neighborhood has established wide fame as a banjo player. He is in demand at every country gathering, and it is said that the sweet tones of his banjo, as he plays "Turkey in the Straw," "Spanish Fandango," "Old Zipp Coon" and similar lays familiar to the ear of every true Missourian, are so enchanting that one of Champ Clark's or Col. Pat Dyer's stories would find no listeners as against such melodic attraction. Men have fiddled their way into pretty high offices, as in Tennessee, where Bob Taylor got there solely on his prowess in that particular, and there is no reason why a banjo player of the merit attributed to Jerry Milner by his Pike County admirers might not reach a pinnacle of fame sufficient to give a Congressman all sorts of trouble. Mr. Clark was once defeated for Congress by a music teacher from Audrain County. Let him beware of a popular banjo player. The music teacher who triumphed over Champ some years ago was Congressman Treloar, and his favorite instrument was the piano—an instrument not much in favor in a campaign in comparison with a violin or a banjo. It is said that Congressman Bartholdt is popular in the Tenth Missouri District because he can play "Hi-lee, Hi-lo" on the accordion. We shall expect to hear much from Jerry Milner in the near future. His fiddle may come as a great relief from the plangency of the Hon. Champ Clark's perennially blowing bazoo.

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Now that the *Globe-Democrat's* annual meeting has come and gone, we are glad to see it was a false rumor that Capt. Henry King was to vacate the editorship of that great paper. Captain King is a graceful, cultivated and forceful writer, a thinker without any fetiches, a polished and potent man and a most agreeable gentleman socially. He is one of the great editors of this country and not lacking in divination as to political results. If he did not work so hard and were not so withdrawing and diffident personally, if he were out more in the world where his qualities would be seen, he would be the most popular man in Missouri.

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An Early Campaign

THIS will be a warm campaign year in Missouri. Even at this early date a number of county primaries have been called, some to elect delegates to State conventions, the dates for which have not yet been fixed, and doubtless will not be for some months to come, others to Congressional conventions, and still others to county conventions. For the most part, the Democrats are taking the initiative, but the Republicans are showing an activity entirely new in

this State since the early 70s. Both sides seem anxious to get at each other, and at this time, both feel confident of victory. There are but three State officials to be elected—Judge of the Supreme Court, State Superintendent of Public Schools and one member of the Board of Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners. Little patronage goes with all of these officers combined. No matter which party wins, the relative positions of the two parties, in the matter of State control, will remain practically the same. The Supreme Court will be Democratic for some years to come, as but one of the seven judges is a Republican. One of the hold-over Railroad Commissioners is a Democrat and one a Republican. The patronage at the disposal of this board is split up, politically, anyhow. The State Superintendent of Public Schools ought not to be a politician, though, unfortunately he has been so too often, in this State, but outside of a few personal appointments, there is absolutely no patronage at his disposal. There is no political service that he could render his party without bringing down upon his head the wrath of every patron of the public schools, irrespective of politics. So it seems there is a great deal of noise being made over a very small matter.

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AMERICAN drama's highest achievement to date rules at the Olympic theater this week. The Rogers Brothers! My, but we are an intelligent people!

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Women and the Playgrounds

WOMEN are doing more than the men of St. Louis to boost the city. It's too bad the women didn't get first crack at the Million Club. If they had, it wouldn't be on the blink, as it is. It would at least chirp once in a while. Just look at what the women have accomplished in the Vacation Playgrounds movement. Six years ago, this now great philanthropy was merely an idea suggested by some members of the Wednesday Club. That organization liked it, and decided to sponsor its incipient efforts. The plan was a "go." The women made it so by personal sacrifice and energy. I believe that it was Mrs. Louis Marion McCall who primarily energized this movement and the cause of the City Beautiful. The result was the Vacation Playgrounds Association. From a few scattered and indifferently attended playgrounds, the enterprise has grown until now there are seven great playgrounds, with an attendance of close onto 8,000. Quite a showing, but that's not all. The women saw the necessity of manual training, and they added that to their course of games and instruction so that last summer's season closed with a large number of girls and boys possessed of knowledge as to the handling of tools and needles and the making of articles useful to themselves, or others in their families. All of which indicates that the movement is doing wonders in developing the talent of children, which otherwise might remain latent all their lives. There will be bigger things done next summer and in the future in the playground movement, for the Vacation Association and the Civic Improvement League, which was working out the same idea, have combined and will work in unison and along the broad lines of furnishing instruction as well as pastime to the children of the poor. The women would have done better, I think, than the Civic Improvement League gentlemen in dealing with the School Board that turned down a playground appropriation at the last meeting. Both organizations have had a merited success and the outlay of funds hasn't been large. Considering the results, this is one of the best spots imaginable for a

philanthropist to drop in a chunk of his coin. The more money the more good the women can do. The playground committee to effect the coalescence of the two organizations is composed of Mesdames E. A. De Wolf, Nat Lane, Frank Crunden and Adolph Drey.

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In the Town of Folk

Some sage, poet or Kentucky Colonel once asked: "What's in a name?" There's a whole lot in some names. Several months ago residents in the southern part of Osage county, Mo., founded a town. Being Democrats and reformers, the promoters of the town were not long in naming it for the great Democratic reformer who is Governor of Missouri. A committee was sent to the famous spring near Rich Fountain, in that county, for a gallon of pure spring water, to be used instead of champagne in christening the town. In due time this pleasant ordeal was completed with pomp equal to the occasion, and presently the town of Folk obtained a place on the postal map of the State. It was decided to discourage a town site boom, so the growth of Folk has never attained anything like mushroom proportions. First, a blacksmith shop was erected. In the course of a few months two dwellings and a general merchandise store added to the growth of the town. Arrangements were next made with the government under the terms of which mail will be received regularly when the weather is favorable. A month ago there was a move to have the school district split in two and a school house built within the corporate limits of Folk. In brief, everything went along swimmingly at Folk until one day last week, when John Waldehausen drove up with a load of lumber and announced that he was going to add one more business house to the future metropolis of Osage county. He was welcomed, of course, as he was known to be a solid citizen of the county. John commenced unloading the lumber and the half dozen citizens of the town gathered about to wish him well. "What line of business are you going to engage in, John?" asked one of the citizens. "There is only one thing lacking to make the city of Folk boom," replied John, "and that is a first-class saloon, where the wayfarer can obtain his schnapps, steinhager, beer, etc. No town in this part of the State that is worth putting on the Assessor's book, is without one or more saloons. I want to help this place boom, and it can never get a start without a saloon." After choking down his rising bile, the leading citizen remarked: "John, there will never be a saloon in this town as long as it bears the name of our lid-enforcing Governor. It would be lese majesty to permit anything of the kind. Now take our advice, John, and load that lumber back on your wagon, and seek another location for your saloon. No matter how many saloons other towns in Osage county may boast of, this is one town that is going to boast of no saloon, or even a whisky drug store." And so John took a tumble to himself, loaded the lumber back on his wagon and sadly departed. He made some remarks, too, about the town of Folk and the men who founded and named it, that will never be used by any future real estate agent who may inaugurate a town-lot boom there. And so the incident closed and the town of Folk made its first successful effort to break into print. As to its future, there are many surmises. Certain it is that a large number of Missouri statesmen and Colonels who for the last forty years have been in the habit of following a trail that led to hunting and fishing grounds on the Gasconade river, and passed near the present site of Folk, will pass by this incipient "metropolis." There will be no cheer

The "Sage of Slabsides" Writes of "Sonnets to a Wife"

That Paul My,

Dec 19. 25

My Dear Sir,

Accept my sincere
"thanks for the little book of
Sonnets. I read them all the
day they came with keen
appreciation. There is many a
breath of wild nature in
them & there is plenty of the
good old blood of human
love & passion. The thought
& feeling are always tangi-
ble & well within the
sphere of universal experience.
I congratulate you.

Very Sincerely Yours

John F. Burroughs

Ernest M. Gaffey Esq.

St. Louis

Mr.

for them in that town. They will take the southern overland trail from Jefferson City to the east. This trail divides at the old Lisletown Ferry, one passing through the town of Westphalia and Rich Fountain, and thence by easy stages to the Gasconade. The other goes by way of Loos Creek to Linn, the latter being the home of Judge R. Steele Ryors, Judge E. M. Zevely, Herman Gove, Judge Davidson and others who know pretty much everybody and everything worth knowing in Missouri. There the colonel, the statesman and the wayfaring hunter can rest in peace, and receive good cheer, for there are no more whole-souled people on earth than at Linn. From Linn, it is an easy drive to the Gasconade. It is therefore quite plain that all this travel, which includes men from all parts of the State, will henceforth go in caravans far to the south of Folk. The refreshment such travelers obtain at the little towns along the route is a matter of no inconsiderable importance to anyone who contemplates such a trip, no matter whether he be a business man of St. Louis, a "highly respectable" corporation lawyer, a learned judge of the Supreme Court, a plain Missouri colonel, an editor like Joe Graham of the *Republic*, or just an everyday pot hunter and fish "bummer." There is an abundance of wholesome food and plenty to drink at everyone of the towns in Osage county south of Folk. The citizen of Folk may call these towns mercenary, and point to them as setting a bad example to the rising generation, but that will not bring back the diverted travelers and the money that goes with them. Still, one cannot help admiring the courage of the citizens of Folk, even if their judgment deserves condemnation. They are standing up for a principle, like the old Vermont Democrat who kept voting for Andrew Jackson for 40 years after the latter was dead. He said he knew Jackson had been dead many years, but there was a certain principle involved in voting for him for the Presidency which he did not propose to surrender. What will Gov. Folk do when he visits Folk? Oh, we forgot. William Allen White has told us that the Governor has given up smoking and drinking because he does not wish to be a bad example to the youth of the land, though it seems that those who are received in conference by the Chief Magistrate at the Mansion aver that Joe has not forgotten how to mix the seltzer with the Scotch.

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OLD Missouri is well to the front in the battle against the octopus, with Folk, Vandiver and Hadley for champions. Missouri's on the map in the matter of the higher politics.

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A Pandering Press.

Nor one line in the big dailies about the Medical Society movement to prevent the practice of medicine in this State by companies or corporations. The absurdity of a corporation practicing medicine is plain. The company is named after some doctor, real or alleged, alive or dead. This doctor has a pack of substitutes who call themselves by his name and masquerade as him when treating the patients. They conduct the examinations and give the prescriptions, usually only fillable at the company office. If these men have a right to prescribe it is an accident. Most of them never studied medicine in its most primary form. They are a gang of mummers and they give for every ailment the same company dope. If you call at the office several times and ask for the doctor who heads the shebang you're likely to see a different man answering that name each time. The head of the concern is a multiple personality. Sometimes he advertises his picture and then the substitutes re-

sort to "make up," even to the extent of wigs and beards, to look like the pictures in the paper. There may be a dozen patients—suckers—being treated at the same time by the same great medical man—apparently. The medicine for all the ailments is like enough to come out of one barrel or tub in a back room. There is probably a bogus X-ray apparatus in one office to be used for the proper impression of an especially promising sucker. And unto all this swindling contrivance the sick poor, or the ignorant hypochondriacs are lured by the advertisements in the daily papers. No one is ever cured by these frauds, yet their income will run up into thousands of dollars per week, of which the papers get only a small percentage even when they charge rates per line that no legitimate advertiser would be asked to pay. Because the newspapers know these medicine practicing companies are frauds and swindlers and poisoners and malpractitioners generally, the newspapers make them pay often twenty or even one hundred times the regular advertising rate per line. The papers get all the traffic will bear. The swindlers are glad to get the advertising at any rate, for once they get the suckers in their clutches there's no limit to their graft. The press simply grafts on these medics as the police grafted upon the panel working harlots. The alleged medicos, in five cases out of ten, oddly enough, are themselves fiends against morphine or cocaine, or arsenic or chloral or whiskey and under treatment by legitimate physicians. The press panders for this pack. Therefore it has suppressed all news of a movement against them by the reputable physicians. The press could have been no more discreditable had it lent the use of its columns to allure men to the panel house of Ollie Roberts or May White or Mamie Harrington or Effie Goldstein who have been copiously confessing their half million dollar stealings, with police assistance, to Circuit Attorney Sager or Police Commissioner Maroney.

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THE *Republic* still defends the cops who divided spoils with the panel workers. It must; as the league between the cops and the bawds began and flourished under the police administration of the man who directs the *Republic's* local political news and comment.

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Postal Savings.

THIS letter puts simply a quite universal problem:
Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 12th, 1906.
To the Editor of the *Mirror*:

How can I put away my savings so that they will be secure? I don't trust the high financiers. They have been shown to be all alike. How can I put my money where it won't be stolen or squandered?
MOTHER OF THREE CHILDREN.

There is a way. Make Uncle Sam your banker. Such is the advice given by the great Socialist paper *The Appeal to Reason*, in recent comment upon Walsh's Chicago failure, on the insurance scandals, etc. It says: "Wise people will put their money into postoffice money orders, and then the banks can all fail if they will, and it won't make any difference. It is better to pay the small fee of the government to have your money safe than risk losing it. It is merely an insurance policy against loss, and had it been followed hundreds of millions lost to the people by the banking system would not have been lost. Some postmasters tell the applicant that they can't issue orders on their own office. These postmasters are working in the pay of some bankers. They lie! Point them to paragraph 2, section 976, and paragraph 4, section 993 of Postal Laws and Regulations, when they refuse you, as many of them are doing." This idea makes the post office your saving's bank and the

order you take out is always good as long as the government lasts. We have known a tippling fellow, apt to waste his money when mellow, who, feeling the drink overcoming him, would go to the post office and take out a money order payable to himself at his address and thus make sure of having something to strengthen him after the festivities. A social and a socialistic arrangement, to be much commended, upon the whole.

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The Fruit of Silence.

THOSE Standard Oil officials who refuse to answer the inquiries of Missouri's Attorney General as to the relation of that company with other and allied corporations in this State are only sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind, not only in Missouri, but in every other State in the Union. The law cannot be defied and laughed at, even by the greatest and most lawless corporation in the world. Attorney General Hadley's questions are not in vain. The people will furnish the answer to the great question of which all his queries are part—why is privilege in a republic? They will find that it has its origin in one thing—monopoly of land values. Out of that grow bribery, favoritism, industrial and commercial vassalage to the lords of the land. Every question of Hadley's, answered or unanswered, sets the people to thinking, and thinking, they will see that the Standard Oil and its brood of trust and other evils are but the accumulated power of stolen popular rights. Let Standard Oil be silent. The people will one day speak. Its voice to the usurpers of public rights by means of public law turned to private ends will be one word: "Git!"

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THE exhibition of the paintings of the Society of Western Artists has certainly had the effect of "making culture hum" in this town, with Professor Pommer's recitals of his own fine songs, Mr. Wuerpel's series of three lectures next month on Whistler—Mr. Wuerpel knew Whistler well, and has Whistler's art theories and purposes and practices at first hand—the reception of the Society for the Promotion of St. Louis Art and other lesser events. The *Post-Dispatch* pointed out a few Sundays ago that this city is now a great lecture town. There is not a night passes that some gospel of use or beauty is not being propounded to rapt auditors. The number of clubs to study things has been tremendously augmented and the community is grown quits Della Cruscan in a way patent to any observer of social phenoemna. This is all due to the World's Fair influence. It is making for a more general interest in things of the spirit.

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Missouri Immigration

THE *Globe-Democrat* is worried that this State hasn't a State Board of Immigration working. Gov. Folk was a member of such a board under Gov. Stephens' administration, but there was no salary attached to the job. His opponents declared when he was running for Governor that he tried to get an appropriation for the board, though wherein that was wrong does not appear. Singularly enough the Governor's membership on this board does not appear in his official biography. There has not been an appropriation for this board in a great many years. Missouri Bourbons didn't want immigration when they discovered that most of the immigrants who were coming here without solicitation were Republicans. That's why the appropriations were stopped, although it was said there was no reason why the State should drum up business for the railroads that would bring

the immigrants here. The State laws provide for a Board of Immigration, but the board is an altogether imaginary State institution. Wonder why the Governor's membership of the Board was suppressed. The Republicans may be depended upon to get the Board to working, and under salary, too.

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Not Popular

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is losing his popularity—with the railroad and capitalistic crowd. Read the newspapers controlled by this, that, or the other system, railroad or standard oil or insurance or steel or sugar or tobacco, and you'll be amazed at the collapse of the President's popularity. The wreckers and robbers and gigantic grafters are rallying for one final assault upon him, in the press, to back up the opposition in the Senate. Show up the man or paper fighting Roosevelt's programme and it is not difficult to discover what interest is back of the man or the paper.

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Money in Mephitic Americana.

WONDERS never cease in Missouri. Many times the MIRROR has called public attention to the immense productive possibilities of this State. Now a new and unprecedented industry has been opened up, to-wit: Skunk farming. Profits galore are in the business, so the promoters say. Silently this industry has grown, until the other day the affable agent of the Burlington at Clarence, Shelby County, Mo., was amazed when he received an order for a car in which to transport a shipment of live skunks to St. Joseph, there to be turned over to parties who are establishing a branch farm near that town—easily within smelling distance of it. He looked over the tariff rates of the company, and could find nothing touching the shipment of skunks. Col. John H. Carroll, Burlington lobbyist, couldn't be reached for an opinion on the question, so the agent had to act on his own initiative in the absence of a referendum. "This road can't ship live skunks," he said. "It would be bad enough to ship dead ones, or even their pelts, but live ones would stink every resident of Missouri, living within a mile of our right-of-way, out of his homestead. That would result in heavy damage suits against the company." This kind of talk would have bluffed almost any man but a skunk farmer. The latter got back at the agent with the new Missouri maximum freight law, and convinced him that he could not refuse the shipment. And so the skunks were placed in crates and trundled off to St. Joe. There they were turned over to the Buchanan County skunk farmers. All this may sound like a very steep story to city people, who have all along believed that a skunk was created for the sole purpose of outstinking anything on the face of the earth, to the end that city folks might harden themselves to endure the ills of soap factories, glue factories, reduction works, and kindred nuisances, upon the theory that there were worse smells in the world. But the story is true. Skunk farming in Missouri is an industry that has come to stay. It is a source of profit, too, in spite of the odor. One of the principal stockholders in the original skunk farm is H. J. Simmons, editor of the *Clarence Courier*, and several times over a member of the Missouri Legislature. In his latter capacity he possibly became injured to the most mephitic effluvia. Those who know Mr. Simmons well will readily say that if skunk farming was not a paying business, he would not be connected with the loud-smelling industry very long. G. A. Locke, cashier of the Wells-Fargo Express Company at St. Joseph, must be consulted by anyone desiring to do business with the Buchanan County skunk farm, for he has money invested

in it. Now comes the part wherein the ladies may become interested. The fur of the evil-smelling skunk and the oil obtained from its carcass are what makes skunk farming so valuable that able-bodied Missourians are willing to endure the smell for the profit therein. It was the rugged Roman Emperor, Vespasian, who said, "No gain hath odor," and though Vespasian was one of the most strenuous and enthusiastic persecutors of Christians, many Christians to-day have added his dictum to their accepted dogmas. A pelt is worth \$2.50 to the skunk farmer. How much it is worth to the furrier after he has extinguished the smell and deftly converted it into seal skin, mink, otter or some other high-priced and rare class of ladies furs, is a secret to the trade. St. Louis is the greatest fur market in the world outside of London. Our peltry trade is enormous, and skunk pelts are a feature of the traffic. Here the seal and sable appear as plain skunk skins. The oil, after undergoing certain processes, furnishes the component part of a variety of costly perfumes with which ladies are wont to sprinkle their kerchiefs and other parts of their wearing apparel. St. Louis is a great perfume manufacturing centre, too. So we see how Missouri ingenuity is ever on the outlook for new fields of commerce to conquer. No one but a Missourian would ever have thought it possible to turn skunk farming into a source of big profits. But the evidence is all in. Skunk farming is a patent fact and a far-smelling success. It is an "infant industry," though, like most "infant industries," decidedly strong. Now that Missouri's Congressional delegation is largely Republican, this infant industry must be protected, whatever happens to the tariff.

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A Folk Pardon

CITIZENS' Alliances all over the land have a knife up their sleeve for Folk as a Presidential possibility, because he refused to allow a man to be hanged in Kansas City for killing a "scab." The Governor's commutation of sentence in the case will be a campaign document one of these days. Of course the unions praise the Governor for the act, but the Citizens' Alliance is strong, and can put up money to defeat him in some of the big States where he may seek the votes of delegations for the Presidential nomination.

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Fine Pictures.

MR. MAX H. SCHAAF, who was the popular German Commissioner of Fine Arts at our World's Fair, has on exhibition at the Noonan-Kocian galleries, in Locust street, this week and next, a small collection of exquisite pictures which deserve the attention of the public now interested in art matters through the revivalist influence of the Society of Western Artists' exhibition. There you'll see a tender Corot, a wistful Israels, a sun-filled Blommers, a cloud-cool Harpignies, a black-ivory Diaz, a rich pastel by L'Hermitte, one of Henner's fruit-fleshed women, an early, vivid Ziem, a Thaulow with all its water-wizardry, a Mauve of exquisite tone, a De Bock of rich quality, a Weissenbruch of new effect and perhaps a dozen other specimens of modern European schools. It would be an ideal gallery for a rich man to buy *en bloc*. There is nothing in it, not the best of its kind. A beautiful display before which a connoisseur may sit and dream into himself its beauty. See it!

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DIVORCE petitions in blank have been introduced here in our Circuit Court. Why not the *lettre de cachet* of the Sun King? 'Twould match the police "sweat box" and the Detective Chief's orders-to-leave-town to men unconvicted of offense. This isn't Russia or Bourbon France.

Kindly Caricatures

[39] H. Clay Pierce

THE second wealthiest man in Missouri, H. Clay Pierce, has only recently been a fugitive from justice in the jungles of the Waldorf-Astoria at about \$50 per day. Now he has surrendered to the authorities, like any other bandit, has come into camp and will tell the State of Missouri whether and how he violated the laws against trust operations in the State.

Awful to talk this way about a man with \$40,000,000, isn't it? Yet probably if we couldn't say as above about him, he'd never have had the forty millions. Being a fugitive from justice is what he pays for those forty millions.

He denies that he is a Standard Oil man. He denies that he has been squeezed out of Standard Oil. He denies that Rockefeller put a crimp in him because he turned a trick on Rockefeller in the matter of sharing squarely the Western profits of the business. He denies that he was pinched in Mexican Central railroad stock. It was rumored a few months ago that Rockefeller had "broke" him. He is now willing to testify—after he and H. H. Rogers have had an understanding as to a state of facts. His testimony will undoubtedly exculpate him—technically.

H. Clay Pierce has long been one of our moguls, but not much in evidence. He was understood to have an arrangement with Standard Oil that gave him a monopoly of Western trade on which he paid tribute to the great concern, but it was part of his policy never to get gay. He lived mostly away from here.

We seldom heard much about him until he went in for art. Then we learned that he gave the Swede, Anders L. Zorn, a commission to paint some of his family. Zorn painted in his own blurry style. Pierce wanted prettier pictures. He wanted to tell Zorn how he wanted the pictures painted. Zorn objected to being treated like a sign painter and sued for the value he placed upon his pictures. There was a big controversy. Pierce was pilloried as a Philistine. The art world laughed him to scorn. Then the case was settled.

Incidental to his appearance as an art lover, we learned from certain chroniclers of small beer that he held the high faith that no gentleman should have less than forty-seven suits of clothes at one time, to be properly equipped. Idolaters of him told how he wouldn't wear anything made west of New York, and tradesmen told how he never paid his small bills until he got ready or was sued. But he liked to sign big cheques. This was thought "lordly" and royal.

Once he was President of the St. Louis Club. The club was in debt. He loaned the club money. He talked so much about it that the club got mad and several members resigned and Pierce was in due course paid off and relieved of the burden of feeling that he might not be properly appreciated as a savior of the swell institution. We haven't heard much of him since that time. In true Standard Oil fashion he secreted himself lest, in this Populite State, his splendor might attract attention to the doings of the Octopus.

Mr. Pierce is not very well known here, for public spirit of any sort. He was just our local Standard Oil satrap, a big slave of a bigger master. He has not figured as a big man, though credited with heaps of money. He isn't a developer. The first big thing he got into, outside of Standard Oil, was Mexican Central and there he got such a twist that he dropped enough money to drop from first place to second in the list of local millionaires. He may have recovered somewhat from that blow, but what little prestige he had has vanished, ever since it was understood that he had been dropped by Mr. Rockefeller. He has been in the town, not of it. His interests were those



Kindly Caricatures No. 39

H. CLAY PIERCE

of Rockefeller and his civic patriotism has been slightly minus zero. If he ever did anything for the town, it has been kept a dark secret. Mostly he has been thought of as an alien dude.

Practically his present prominence is his first—since the Zorn affair—and this is as a surrendered

fugitive from justice. He doesn't care. He never has cared for anything much that hadn't himself for center. He wouldn't have come out of hiding but for the fact he thought a story that Rockefeller had grabbed his hypothecated oil stock on a loan in a Rockefeller bank might hurt his credit.

Maybe the Missouri dope against Standard Oil was trickled out by Pierce to start something doing against Rockefeller, to bring Rogers and others to time. He threatened to tell things if Rogers didn't testify to his, Pierce's, taste. Rogers so testified.

This will do for H. Clay Pierce.

The Literature of Suckerdom

By Ernest McGaffey

THE American fresh-water fishes of the family *castostomidae*, commonly known as suckers, have furnished us with the slang phrase, "a sucker," meaning a greenhorn—one easily fooled. Gamblers have a terse saying, "a sucker is born every minute." This estimate is deplorably understated. Suckers are born in shoals—a thousand every minute would be nearer the mark. The credulity of mankind is something which age does not wither, nor custom stale. All people (not merely the American people), love to be humbugged. Hence it is that perennially does the schemer flourish, and the gudgeon swallow the bait; that the sharper gathers in the sheaves, and the ass feeds him upon the dessicated thistle. Bismillah! What would you?

*"For the mending of fools it is foolish to wait;
Fools will be fools, as certain as Fate,
Sons of Wisdom, make 'em your tools,
That, only that, is the use of the fools."*

Swindling as it was carried on in days gone by was a comparatively crude art. At times it was the confidence man, with his pretense of an old-time acquaintance with the victim's people or townfolk. There was the variation of the bogus check, the "phoney" bill of lading, the "bum" certificate of deposit, the counterfeit one thousand dollar bill. There came also, the more artistic gold-brick operator, who gulled the honest rustic with considerable finesse and pains. But all this was knock-down and drag-out robbery compared to the slick financiers of to-day. The cave man who handed his neighbor a welt with a stone hatchet and despoiled him of his tiger steaks, was succeeded by the mediæval Baron who larded the possessor of gold pieces over a red-hot grid-iron to make him produce. The Baron was succeeded in turn by the astrologer, and the pirate, and to-day we have the art brought to its highest point by means of modernized business methods, engineered by those acute geniuses who skate deftly and dubiously along the line that separates the penitentiary from the pulpit.

Much of modern fishing for suckers is done by mail. The anglers who bait the mails with circularized glittering generalities, always appeal to the cupidity of the sucker. He is to get something for nothing; he is to reap where he has not legitimately sown; he is to get figs from thistles, and honey from hornets' nests. The angler knows just how much of a salary the man gets to whom he sends these circulars, or just how he rates financially if he is not on a salary. Stocks, bonds, mining shares, real estate schemes, "business" ventures—so-called—and a myriad chances are offered the sucker if he will give up his hard-earned sesterces.

The cleverness of trained writers is called into play, and much money paid out for an alluring picture to be spread before the sucker, so that he may respond with the ducats. Especially is this true as regards mines, and stocks. Prospectuses showing the Golconda-like qualities of the developed gold-cribs are gotten up and the average reader would imagine that these mines were simply shedding gold as a duck's back would shed rain during a thunder-shower. The mine may be only a twelve-foot hole in the ground, and an abandoned derrick, but the sucker can't go a thousand miles to see. He invests, and away goes five hundred dollars or so, and all he has to show for it is a little pile of ornate gilded stock certificates, worth about one cent a pound. Of course some men make fortunes in mines; even some who don't know a windlass from a pick-handle; and you can't hold your money and expect to get rich with it. Exactly. And that's what the circulars tell you, and that is the way the sucker reasons. And

for one who gets rich investing in mining stock, one million lose.

Stocks are another upper and nether mill-stone which grind the suckers exceedingly small. This trap catches the small merchants who have saved up a little money, and who look with hungry eyes and dripping chops at the accounts of the money the big gamblers clear in a day by stock-jobbing manipulations. They get a series of cunningly-worded circulars, and bite. The first venture may net them a few hundred dollars. They get chesty and stake everything. The crash comes and they go to the tread-mill again, sadder and wiser men.

*Alas! that people who've got their box
Of cash beneath the strongest of locks,
Should stock their fancy with fancy stocks
And madly rush upon Wall street rocks
Without the least apology.*

*Alas! that people whose money affairs
Are sound beyond all needs of repairs,
Should ever tempt the bulls and bears
Of Mammon's fierce zoology.*

Once on a salary, always on a salary, is the gambler's evident motto. If a man has once appeared as making four or five thousand a year, he will be deluged with this flimsy literature of suckerdom until years after he has been tucked under the clover, or sent up in smoke from the chimney of some crematory.

It is amusing to sit down and recollect how blithe and roseate some of this stuff was, and what wealth and what easy wealth it promised. Some of the offers I have had came from gentlemen who have

just been released from the penitentiary; other allurements came from gentlemen who are trying to get out of the penitentiary; still others emanated from gentlemen who have recently been indicted; and yet others from gentlemen who are at present fugitives from justice. A rare bunch.

And all this flaring verbal fireworks sent to ponder to the almost universal craze to get rich. To get rich? What for? Can a rich man eat, drink, sleep or wear any more than is necessary to any human? Is happiness riches? What mad wag invented the words, wealth, power, money?

But the mills of the promoters continue to grind, and the suckers, true to their limited intelligence, continue to bite. Especially do they engulf the hook, bait and all, if the lure be invested with the odor of sanctity, and they happen to be religiously inclined. There's no sucker like an orthodox sucker. And these very brethren will inveigh against the unwise sinner who uses his substance in the present, and lays up no worthless securities against a rainy day.

*"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend
Before we, too, into the dust descend;
Dust unto dust, and under dust to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and—sans end."*

Here is an illustration. A and B get the same salaries. They have practically like expenses. A saves his money and invests it in stocks, shares, etc., which at the end of a year are not worth three hurrahs in hell. B spends his money lavishly in innocent joys, recklessly, extravagantly, and carelessly. At the end of a year A and B are financially just where they started out the year before.

Query: Which is the sucker?

When Death Had Fled

By Francisca Mann

Adapted from the German for the Mirror by Francis A. House

DEATH had at last grown tired of life, and therefore resolved to withdraw from earth. The nostalgia for the everlasting sleep which the few evinced towards him did not compensate for the agonizing grief of the many. The sobbing cries of woe and terror had stifled Death's love for the few who willingly, longingly, threw themselves into his arms.

In reviewing the past, Death was amazed at the ingratitude of the living. How ridiculous they had shown themselves! How incomprehensible was their thoughtlessness! Verily, they did not deserve to die. If one or the other called for him, occasionally, and he, in his infinite pity, approached the caller's side, what happened? Terror-stricken, trembling, they closed their eyes at sight of him, and turned away their faces. They then no longer remembered the scourges and buffets of life. How strange, how unreasonable all this! Ever it seemed as if they looked upon him as the greatest evil, the most pitiless, the most loveless, the most implacable enemy.

No, he could bear it no longer. He was a-weary of all this thanklessness. And so he wrapped himself in the impenetrable mists of darkness and disappeared.

At first, the living did not feel their loss. The aged and weak, who patiently bore the realization of their impotence and superfluity, because they thought themselves close to the end, continued to look expectantly for new dawns. Their hopes could not be in vain! Death would come for them some day,—soon.

But, alas, they hoped in vain. They lived on. Eighty, ninety, a hundred years crept by. They lost their sight, their hearing, all sense of taste and

feeling. The thought of being superfluous grew more acute, more depressing. No bonds of sympathy united them with the new generations which sprang up about them. They were simply permitted to live on. Nobody cared for them, nobody needed them. Time had passed them. They had outlived themselves. Feelings of utter despair invaded their hearts. Day and night, at all hours, they prayed for the end. Where was Death? Had he forgotten them altogether?

The years rolled by. The seasons came and went. Spring and summer brought no joys. The leaves fell, the trees grew bare,—what did it matter to them? The wintry blasts shrieked. It was all indifferent to them.

Time was when two who together rejoiced and pined in love could find death, locked in each other's arms. That was when Death was still on earth. No one was then compelled to submit in cowardly meekness to all the insolent demands of insatiate Life, which robs every one of all he owns. No more of such refuges. Life held every one tight in its clutches. And what could be more horrible than the must-live, to be forced to vegetate, day after day?

Men who had lost their good names, the poor who were despised, and the unfortunate who had sunk among the criminals,—they all had to remain. There was no escape for them, no flying away from life, from shame, from suffering, from abortive love, from grinding griefs, from the harrowing fear of mental night. The hangman lost his office, and the authorities worried over substitute punishments.

No longer could one hear of the cruelty of Death. Men now referred to him as the Angel. There was a new sob and a new longing in the world. Wailing

and disconsolate, the seeking-ones wandered from place to place. No one prayed for life. Fervent orisons could be heard for the return of Death. Everyone felt as if he had lost what was dearest to him. Men thought with scorn and shame of the times when they used to shudder at the approach of Death, instead of strewing flowers in his path.

Hate and bitterness and cold-heartedness separated one from the other.

Parents pitied and lamented their smiling children. They knew all the horror of the burden of an endless life. Man was no more allowed to remain on earth in the radiance of his glad, strong youth,—they had to give back everything: strength and hope and faith, and to pine, finally, in the terrible darkness of a useless, deathless life, bereft of all vigor of mind and body.

People thought it inconceivable that any one could ever have spoken of such a thing as the brutality of Death. They knew now who had been the most kind, the most pitying, the most beautiful, the most glorious. Once they asked that he disappear for pity's sake,—now they asked that he return in the name of pity and mercy. No, they did not ask,—they prayed, they implored.

People began to feel horror at the return of spring, whose breath fructifies, whose warmth and beauty brings new life.

The earth became poor in joys. Only children could still be seen smiling. The thoughts of every one clustered about only one thing: the return of Death. The tears shed in former days at the beckoning of Death lost all significance in comparison with the ceaseless sorrow over Death's flight from the earth. Only now man began to realize the full meaning of destruction! Now, since he could die no more.

Many attempts were made to induce Death to come back. Deputations were sent out; Congresses were called together. But all in vain.

At last he was found by the moon, who made earnest, impressive representations to him. Birds also found him and touched his heart in wondrous ways with sweet warblings.

The great miracle was wrought, finally, by a child. Although men could see him no longer, Death himself always had his wistful eyes upon them. They were, in a sense, his love, his misplaced love. And has it not ever been the inevitable fate of true love to be misunderstood? Yet this does not warrant a forgetting.

Death longed for his own. The intense sweetness of the kisses which used to unite him with those to whom he brought redemption in days gone by he never could forget. No living one could speak or sing of them.

And Death returned, not on account of trembling dotards, not on account of suffering sick. Neither did he return on account of such as knew only felicity or sin,—no, he returned solely on account of the innocent. He could not withstand them.

In sin and sorrow and poverty, a young girl had given birth to a child. Big, clear, questioning eyes the child had. And these clear, big eyes Death closed for sheer pity. Without pain the guiltlessly guilty fell into his outstretched arms. At this, signaling the return of Death, a hymn incomparable in power, volume and beauty, could be heard over all the earth. The weary breathed once more, deeply, as if from a feeling of infinite relief, and then closed their lusterless eyes forever. Lovers clasped each other in ecstatic bliss. The strugglers, the lost, the ailing knelt down in silent prayer, overwhelmed with the thought that Death at last was at their side. No more could there be seen men of sorrow and despair.

On the sun's ball of fire stood a towering, naked form. Not as of yore did dusky garments cover the limbs. Surrounded by dazzling rays of white light, Death again descended to his own on earth.

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The Mornin's Mornin'

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THIS is the tale the Cassidy told
In his halls asheen with purple and gold;
—Told, as he sprawled in an easy-chair;
Chewing cigars at a dollar a pair.
—Told with a sigh and perchance a tear
As the rough soul showed through the cracked veneer:
—Told us he gazed on the walls thereby,
Where a Greuze and a Millet were hung on high,
With a rude little print in a frame between—
A picture of Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"I'm drinkin' me mornin's mornin'—but it doesn't taste the same;
Though the glass is iv finest crystal, an' the liquor slips down like crame;
An' me Cockney futman brings it on a soort of a silver plate—
Sherry-an'-bitters it is, sure whiskey is out iv date.
In me bran'-new brownshtone manshin—Fift' av'noo over th' way,
Th' Cathaydral round th' corner, an' the lord Archbishop to tay,
Sure I ought to be shiff wid grandeur; but me tastes are mighty mean,
An' I'd rather a mornin's mornin' at Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"Oh! well do I mind th' shanty—th' rocks, an' th' field beyant,
The dirt floor yellow wid sawdust, an' th' walls on a three-inch shlant.
(There's a twelve-story "flat" on the site now—'twas meself that builded the same),
An' they called it "The Mont-morincy"—though I wanted the good old name.
Me dinner pail under me oxther, before the whistle blew,
I'd banish the drames from me eyelids wid a noggin', or maybe two;
An' oh! it was the illigint whiskey—its like I have never seen,
Since I went for me mornin's mornin' to Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"I disremember th' makers—I couldn't tell you th' brand;
But it smiled like the golden sunlight, an' it looked an' tasted gr-rand.
When me throat was caked wid morthar, an' me head was cracked wid a blast,
One drink o' Shanahan's 'dewdrops' an' all me troubles was past.
That's why, as I squat on the cushins, wid divil a hap' orth to do,
In a mornin'-coat lined wid velvit, an' a champagne lunch at two,
The mem'ry comes like a banshee, meself and me wealth between;
An' I long for a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"A mornin'-coat lined wid velvet—an' me old coat used to do
Alike for mornin' an' evenin' (an' sometimes I slept in it, too):
An' 't was divil a sup iv sherry that Shanahan kept—no fear;
If you couldnt afford good whiskey, he'd take you on trust for beer.
The dacintest gang I knew there—McCarthy (sinathor since),
An' Murphy that mixed the morthar (sure the Pope has made him a Prince),
You should see 'em, avic, o' Sundays, wid faces scraped an' clean,
When the Boss stood a mornin's mornin' round Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"Whisht!—here comes his Grace's carriage; 't will be lunch-time by-an'-by;
An' I das'n't drink another—though me throat is powerful dhry;
For I've got to meet the Archbishop—I'm a laborer now no more;
—But ohone! those were fine times then, lad, an' to talk of 'em makes me sore.
An' whisper—there's times, I tell you, when I'd swap this easy chair,
An' the velvet coat, an' the futman, wid his Sassenach nose in the air,

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—And the lord Archbishop, himself, too, for a drink o' the days that ha' been,
For the taste of a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's ould shebeen."

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dear Jane:

IT has been a vurry exciting week, darling. What with a Catlin wedding and a Little play and a Woman's Club demonstration and tea fights till the very thought of Oolong makes me gag, and day-break carnations and Viola Benoist getting engaged and married right suddenly in our very midst and the Clubb nuptials and my! land o' Goshen, I can't think of any more right now, but it'll come to me gradually and by differently dressed degrees—what with all this my ownest, you can see that we have not been twiddling our thumbs nor filling in time with needlework parties.

The Catlin wedding came first. Oh, no, Jane, don't get so excited. Of course, it wasn't really a Catlin bride or groom, but Frances Wickham is so closely related and the Catlins turned out in such bunches and ran the whole show so magnificently that it might just as well have been. The Ephron Catlins were there and Mrs. Dan, resplendent in gray velvet and sable, and Irene looking "aus geht zeiknet" (that ain't spelled right, but it sounds appropriate as the Catlin ancestry is sehr Deutch, dovey), in some old lace and some new satin, and her petticoat—listen attentively, dearest—was white lace over pink, isn't that the duckiest new wrinkle you ever heard of? and she held her skirts "jus que la," I ought to put that into German, but you wouldn't understand it, I'm afraid—and so the pink showed up fine and dandy—and Chaffraix brought Grandma Kayser, who looked as proud as punch at a granddaughter marrying

such loads of money, you know Grandma is the greatest matchmaker in the whole world, Jane, and she always marries the girls to dead loads of the coin—and I can rather tell you that the Vandevanter Moores have got a few simoleons—Frances' husband is Charlie Moore, I wrote you when they got engaged—and Caroline was her usual dream decoletty—Caroline always makes me think of a marshmallow, darling, and some day I'm going to take her in at one delicious bite—watch me—and the Wickham girls—Catlin nieces they all are—stacked up elegant as bridesmaids—and made some buds from the East look like last year's birds' nests—Nellie Wickham, the one who got under a house roof just as it fell to earth—is the bloomingest piece of sweetness—she has the rosiest cheeks and the brightest eyes—I'm daft about her—they all wore white and pink, but nothing half so fancy as Helen Clubb's bridesmaids—tell you about that show pretty soon—But this was the swell wedding, all right. Nothing else all week touched it, for the real people showed up, Jane, and slathers of 'em, too. You can't give a big church crush unless you know the ultras and the umpty umphs, and that's no Fifi fib, either. Who was there? Well, Frank Hirschberg, carrying his shoulders with him and a violet tie, Jane, that looked too glad to be out. I can jest remark—my! I can see that violet sweetness even yet and scent the delicious woodland odor, o! yes! I know I'm crazy, but what else do you expect after such a pace as we went all week? and the Sam Davises came together—Mrs. Sam's new baby, can safely be left to Nursey for awhile now—and golly! but Emma did look well in a lavender confection accentuated by Sam's brunetteness somewhere in the background—just lovely of him, wasn't it, and Mrs. Tom McKittick who up and told Ephron Catlin—the big boy—oh! yes, all the Catlin boys and more too, did the usher business—why, as I said, Mrs. Tom told Eph to look sharp and get her a nice seat, and the bride only four minutes from the wedding march.

But Eph did—I guess he's afraid of Mrs. Tom—she wore a dandy pink silk, too, and is so full of fun that I simply adore her—Eugenia Howard, who is in mourning for her grandmother—no! darling, she has nothing whatever to do with that horrid Greenleaf-Howard divorce-breach of promise suit for damages—that Howard is dead and this is another set entirely, and so don't get any mistaken notions in your head whatever you may read in the *Paris Herald*—Eugenia looks iligant in black—distingue and the kind you'd turn round to watch—Let's see—who else was there Oh, yes, Mrs. Ike Cook who is going out again, but still in black—and very pale—I recommend Malt Nutrine or else cocoa butter rubbed in seven times a day—it's terribly fattening, ask Carrie Preetorius or Julia Reynolds or even Salees Kennard—they ought to know—and the Ted Walkers came down from the farm—Lily is awfully sweet these days—and Louise Simpkins is taking off mourning—do you know; that poor girl has been in black for five or six years? first her fiance died—some army man in the West—and then her father and then Allen, who married Frank Ridgely's daughter—and only now is she putting on a little white and color—Louise is the dearest girl, anyway—and the most charitable—she just devotes her whole life to doing good things for other people—poor or rich—and you know, darling, that the poor rich people need twice as much charity as the real poverty poor; well, Louise for me—and I guess more girls go tell their troubles to her and get braced up than to anybody tother side of Grand avenue.

Mary Mitchell is another girl who looked stunning that day at the wedding—she is terribly thick with that bunch, anyhow, the Wickhams and all that crowd—and she wore green—most fetching, I can tell you—the dusky McCluneys all diked out in ermine togs showed up and Ed Walsh trotted along after Judith Hoblitzelle—Ed is simply struck on weddings—goes to every one where he gets a bid—must be thinking

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of his own—my! don't I wish Jack could borrow or steal Ed's shoulders for a few days at a time. They're the real foot-ball article. Tell you an exciting piece of news—couldn't sleep for a week after I saw it—Grace Semple has one of those red feather turbans—ain't that the thriller, though? And the turban is, too. Looks well on her—and I always did like her hats, anyway. Mrs. Tom Niedringhaus and Mrs. Goodman King floated into the church in company with each other—we Women's Club women must hang together you know, darling—and it's so swag-gery to say all fluttery-like to people in the pew back of you:

"Oh, has the bride come? We're scandalously late, you know, we stopped for tea at the club"—sounds so mannish and independent-like and makes 'em feel, the girls, just like Goodman and Tom over on Lindell at the sign of the big white globes—ain't that St. Louis Club house a perfect monstrosity, though? It always looks to me as though it was ashamed of itself and trying to side-step down the

Never saw Mrs. McK. Jones so lit up—she usually makes one dress do for most everything that comes along—but she certain sure got a new lot of togs for Frances' wedding—it was blue and very galore—I should say galumptious.

Julia Knapp came in front of little Erastus—Jule is steen inches taller than Rast; ain't it a perfect shame? and he so good and true. But love, dearest, as I have many a time and oft risen to ejaculate, is not a matter of heighth, but depth, and Rast can love just as fervently as though he were the feet of Ephron Catlin—oh, pu-shaw—I don't mean that either, I mean as though his feet were as high as Ephron's—now, darling, isn't that right? Don't tell me—well, anyhow, you know I mean as though he was as long in the length of his feet up and down—there! as Eph. Mrs. Andy Knapp looked terribly sour at the wedding. Maybe she was thinking of losing Julia—enough to sadden any mother's heart, my onliest one.

✱

Well, I guess I've filled you up on enough gaff about the Catlin wedding, except, oh yes, I knew there was something else—you ought to have lain your optics onto Martha Scudder's light blue outfit. It was a caution, I can tell you. A whole suit—most a suite—and some kind of a dingus coming way down in platters and pleats over the shoulders like they wore in the Civil War, Jane—the women folks—and all bound round, not with woolen strings, but with funny little fuzzy frills and things—Martha looked like a French china doll I once had—and the white satin garments she placed herself in the other night at some

concert weren't any better—too old by a dozen years—sweet simplicity is her keynote, for she's so gentle and blonde and tender—these terrible fussy riggings are all right for a big girl but not for modest Martha, even if she has got the Cupples money to pay for 'em.

✱

I'm close to forgetting the Little play—it was Mrs. "Billy" Little's doings, Jane—she got it up—whatever that means—I've noticed that persons who get into the getting up business usually get it in their jugular vein, too, but nothing like that has yet happened though they do say the Morning Choral Society which was sponsor for the show—after Mrs. Billy—thought there was talent enough in the club—which is a singing club, Jane, and this play demanded histrionic genius—put that down in your notebook—without calling in all the Little fambly to take leading parts—but you can bet your marquise ring that nobody could have done any better nor half so well as the aforesaid and before mentioned Little fambly, root and branch. First there was Mrs. Billy, who was the grand-manager-Heinrich-Conreid of the show. And you can better believe that she did some heavy teaming before the fatal night, my angel! It's no unqualified and uproariously humorous job, to get twenty fashionable women into line for a real decent show-up before the footlights. It's a trifle worse than taming eight bridesmaids into proper wedding submission, Jane, and that ought to be a stiff enough comparison for anybody. But Mrs. Billy went valiantly to work—refused all the holiday invitations, fed at her youngest son's training table and ate mostly of rare roast beef—the all-bluggy kind, you know—spent fifteen minutes every morning with "Billy's" punching bag and twice as long each night with the gloves, so she could spar—for wind with the lady castes, I mean, or do I? Then she went forth to the fray, and mellifluously got every darned woman in the bunch to do her best—kind o' gertly led 'em all like sheep and told 'em they never looked so well in their lives and how becoming pink was when they declared with sniffs and snorts that blue and blue only would they wear and that they never did care for these amatoor things, anyhow, and no, I can't possibly speak any louder, I'm screaming now, and they guessed their husband wouldn't like it if he knew Mrs. Downandup was going to take part, as her husband was a politician and they never could come to three rehearsals a day with the baby teething and a dressmaker in the house and it was easy to see—indeed they had known all along that Mrs. Dave Calhoun would be given the best part—because she's so rich and such unfairness may do in some

clubs but it has never been MY policy and may I ask you as a personal favor to speak to Mrs. Stanard and tell her that if she wears old rose it won't look well at all right beside my corn flower confection and of course you know best, Mrs. Little, but I'd like to sing that sweet little lullaby which Professor Robyn says just lulls him off to dreams wherever he may be, and oh I'm sure you can put it in even if you have to leave somebody else out because my voice is so much admired and I'm sure to get a wagon load of flowers and that will be so nice and complimentary to the club, won't it?

Now my own, just ponder on poor Mrs. "Billy" Little getting this song and dance every day for three weeks and then tell me if you don't think she deserves a golden crown studded with crown jewels in crown settings, and an heroic statue of herself in the Hall of Fame to boot?

But the Littles sure did shine and no mistake. There was Martha Ferriss, niece of Mrs. Little, in the leading character part—more of that in a short while, darling, and Louise Little, daughter of the manager, in a deep-thinking part—and Alden Little, in the foyer looking handsome and hustling people to seats that weren't left—packed house, Jane, and no reserves—and Carl Something-or-other engaged to Louise Little, doing the same usher act—and Harry Ferriss, nephew of Mrs. Little, ditto, and Judge and Mrs. Franklin Ferriss in a box accompanying Mrs. Little and Mr. Little on the heavy applause when everything went off with eclat—and that's all.

✱

Mrs. Dave Calhoun—didn't I tell you a short while ago that she must have something up her sleeve because we hadn't heard from her for four days? was a French maid and a big swinging hit, I can just tell you. Danced the can-can—or thereabouts—sang a roundelade or similar—and caught the eye of the audience every time—do you suppose that Dave has an idea that if the dry goods business gets down to the wurst—she may be induced to try the real footlights and their fascinating glare? Like the Charlie Vans? But there, I don't think so at all, besides Dave is doing very well, I rather guess—made high muck-amuck and general manager only a few months ago—to resume, the Little play was a burlesque on musicals—on the Reggy Ilgenfritz brand, you know, and ducky, they had Reggy in it—for true—and when he came out on the stage, the women all rushed round him just like as if he was Paddy or Kubey or any of those lovely things that play for us and for our coin. And I don't believe that Reggy saw the point—because he sat right down at the piano and played

original composition by Charles Kunkel. The French piece of Mrs. Little's was an awful hit in a way—ain't I the Frenchiest thing, Jane? I replied myself of the Rogers Brothers, don't I?—and talked fast about her bull pup—and at a musicale, too, wasn't it careless? And dimply Mrs. Will Stanard dashed around and spoke her lines so that the soda fountain could even hear—that was wonderful, Jane, how fine and dandy all the voices carried—never knew it before at a home-talent business—it was the best we've ever had in the amateur line, Jane, and the charitable Hot Timers and the chummy Union Clubbers better get into the Little band wagon if they want to spell success in capitals.

My, but we're getting to be a real cosmopolite place here. Our ladies are having poems written to 'em, and printed. Mrs. Lon V. Stephens, the wife of the ex-Governor, now living in St. Louis and as pretty and kind and popular as she was at Jefferson City, is the subject of a verse by Speed Mosby in the Boonville Advertiser. A number of her friends have received copies of the verses and they are all agreed that the poet has no more than done her justice. Mr. Speed Mosby, is Mr. Governor Folk's pardon clerk at Jefferson City and wrote a novel, "Ben Blunt," in which Governor Dockery and some of the other State politicians were handled in such a way that Speed had speedily to get out of his clerkship in the Supreme Court. Mrs. Stephens is a favorite of the servants of the muses. Several of our best artists have painted her portrait, but none of them has painted the real woman as Mr. Speed Mosby sings her. I send you a clipping of the verses from the Boonville Advertiser.

*In royal purple, ermine's rich display
And costume suited for a queen's array—
I see her now e'en as I saw her then,
A vision worthy of a poet's pen—
Majestic sweetness in her queenly face,
A form that nature limn'd with regal grace,
Her manner condescending, gentle, mild
As breath of Spring among the roses wild
When whispering fragrance over vale and hill
With softened feeling tender hearts do thrill;
Whene'er she spoke sweet music seemed to fall
In graceful cadence, wreathing words to thrall
In willing bondage, captive to her spell,
Each waiting heart in which she chose to dwell.
And when I thought of ev'ry gentle deed
Of loving mercy done to those in need,
Of how she loved and wrought for others sake,
Forever bringing joy in sorrow's wake,
I saw the heav'nly crown that o'er her gleamed
And knew she was indeed the queen she seemed.*

It's said that an engagement has existed for some weeks between that hitherto invincible bachelor, George Doan, and that magnificent and impregnable and most melodic songstress, Jessie Ringen. Words fail me to do justice to the unexpectedness of this situation. George Doan has become such a baccalaureate stand-by that the debutantes who could always fall back upon him when the younger men failed as escorts will miss him terribly. Jessie was thought to be devoted only to music, though it is a tradition that once at least she did inspire a tragic, a fatal passion. They are both persons of position, of poise and of worldly seasoning and they should make the ideally composed couple. Hereafter I shall never consider any single person, man or woman, absolutely unlikely to marry until I've been to the funeral and have seen him or her securely "planted."

The other day, last Friday in fact, a deputy sheriff called at the office of David R. Francis and served him with a subpoena to appear as jurymen in court. D.

R. F. just raised hell. He almost drove the deputy from his office in fear of his life, exclaiming that the service was an outrage, an imposition, etc., especially as—to quote himself—"I have done enough for the city of St. Louis." This incident lends color to the constantly recurring rumor that the Francis are thinking about going to live in New York. You know D. R. F. has dropped his European trip—at the people's expense—solely that he may be on the ground to fight the charges made by Senator Tom Carter's National Commission that the World's Fair here year before last was mostly a large private snap for Francis and his crowd. Dave dasent leave so you'll not meet him at Maxim's for some time.

It is noticeable that the interest manifested between Andrew Drew, son of F. A. Drew, the pious glass man, and Dorothy Edgar is growing more intense and bets are offered there'll be joybells chiming before the end of February. It is believed that the young people made up their minds at the McClure dance a short time ago. Neither of them is said to favor big public weddings.

And now the D. D. Walkers are to have a California home, just like the Rockefellers, Pierpont Morgans, Gateses and Adolphus Buschs. If all the Walker boys follow the parents to the coast and live in the sound of the bells of San Gabriel for a good part of the year, St. Louis will be a much duller place to live in, I'm a tellin' ye.

I just wish you could be here to see the aurora borealis of happy pride that illuminates this city's rather heavy atmosphere, radiated from the countenance of Pa Harry Townsend, the dean of the railroad faculty. The veteran and polished Mo. Pacific man is a double-barrelled grandfather. Both of his pretty daughters, one Mrs. Lathrop, and the other Mrs. Lindenberg, one in Detroit, and the other at Columbus, Ohio, have been visited by the stork, one in October and one last month, in one case a boy, the other a girl. Henry Clay Townsend is just the proudest man, and if you asked him for a pass, prefacing it with something about a young "grandpa," you'd get it sure. He's so dog-gone, all-fired tickled that he makes everybody feel good to look at him. Everybody loves H. C. anyhow; he's such a kind and considerate man and a great railroad man withal. All the other railroad men have an affection for him—even his business rivals—that's good to see. The girls were awfully sweet too and popular in their quiet way. So Grandpa Harry's two grandchildren are a real event in the railroad and social worlds. I don't think there's another man in town but good and gentle Harry Clay Townsend who could "get away with" the little foible of telling his friends about the youngsters. Right here I want to tell you that I was dead wrong when I wrote you about three months ago about H. C. T.'s sitting up to a pretty widow. He lives for the grandchildren now and no second marriage for him to rebate on his affection for the little Master Lathrop and the two months younger little Miss Lindenberg. But he's awfully good to us all, widjs, matrons, girls with flowers and bonbons and theater parties and *petites soupers* at the clubs and all that sort of thing. Dear old Harry!

Jeanette, my dear some of our newly married young men are positively awful. One of them, one of the fastest of them was at a table at Lippe's the other evening, with his wife and some friends, when there passed a tall and imposing blonde, who gave the young man recognition and a dangerous, questioning look. "Who is that woman?" the young wife asked. "Now, don't you go bothering me about who she is," the young man replied; "I will have trouble enough explaining to her who you



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These great clearing sales are so sweeping in their character that every department is included. The sharpest price reductions (in many cases quotations are less than the cost of production) are made on lines of high quality Winter merchandise, to close out at once surplus stocks, broken assortments and small lines, and shape up stocks for inventory.

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are." And the crowd thought it tremendously funny. My, but we're getting *decadent*, aren't we?

Speaking of *decadence*, which is only another name for being awfully advanced, I don't see how we're to keep up with, let alone keep ahead of, our infants, I was calling the other day in Westminster place and the lady of the house told me a story that illustrates my point to a nicety. It seems that there's a little girl, a very little girl in the neighborhood, and her name, we'll say, is Dorothy.

Little Dorothy's papa had been very ill with appendicitis, and had lain for many days in the darkened room after the doctors had come and removed his appendix. Dorothy had been told to be very quiet and very good, with the promise that she should go in to see her papa at the earliest possible moment. At last she was permitted a brief interview. When nurse came to take her away, she hung back a moment.

"Haven't I been very quiet, papa?"

"Yes," whispered the fond parent.

"And haven't I been very good?" Her father admitted it. "Then won't you do me a big favor, papa?"

"Certainly. What is it, my child?"

"Let me see the baby."

How much time does a woman spend before the looking-glass? A German estimates that a girl of six to ten years spends an average of seven minutes a day before a mirror; from ten to fifteen, a quarter of an hour is consumed daily; and from fifteen to twenty, twenty-two minutes. Ladies from twenty to twenty-five—here's where we come in and here we propose to rest for a while, eh?—occupy twenty-five minutes; from that age to thirty they are at least half an hour at their toilet. Thence there is a decline in coquetry. Bosh, Jen! Women never quit coquetry. Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Heister Clymer, Mrs. Bailey,—why, all our dowagers are not only coquettes; they're almost flirts. I'll bet Mrs. Dr. Forster is younger at heart—and I fear purer—than many of our misses of eighteen. From thirty to thirty-five, the time occupied comes down to twenty-four minutes; from thirty-five to forty, it is only eighteen minutes; from forty to fifty, twelve minutes; and from fifty to sixty, only six minutes. A woman of seventy has thus spent 5,862 hours before the glass; in other words, eight months, counting day and night. Awful, isn't it? But does any woman in St. Louis put in more time before the mirror than some of our exquisites? I'll bet that Walter Cerre Taylor has us all faded, or Chaffriax Lackland, or Eddie Preetorius—must take him three hours a day to keep his hair down that way—or Jack Kearney, who's getting too fat, or Eddie Lemp, who dresses before a cheval glass always, or Albert Bond Lambert. Vain! Why, the men beat us a mile!

And here I've run on like a Belleville street car and never got in a single word about the Woman's Club musicale—they had Frank Rodgers to sing and I'm going to write you all about it when I can get my breath. But the Kaimes are casting dull care aside to-night and Clara Carter married her euphoniously appellated Higgins last eve and the Jacob Van Blarcoms "threw open" the house to the D. A. R.'s and—the V. B.'s are back on earth again, financially—that'll be enough for one sitting. Does 'oo 'ove 'oo 'ittie

BLUE JAY.

MR. RAYNOR, of Maryland, in the Senate, is beginning to assert himself in tempestuous talk. But a little tempestuosity in the Senate may be a good check upon the same sort of thing in the White House. But Raynor should beware of imitating Tillman.



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De Flagello Myrteo

149.

ILLUSION and Delusion had compassion on the nakedness of Truth, and came proffering her, 'he first a veil, the other a mantle. "Thy gift," she said, "Illusion, bear to Love; and thou, Delusion, carry thine to Hope."

150.

The illusions of Love are not always delusions.

151.

I know that my Love is no mere ideal, for I must have been a God to have created it.

152.

Deceive not Love, nor rudely undeceive,
For if his fairy paradise he leave,
Thence must thou issue too, and exiled rove,
Estranged from fays and talismans of Love.

153.

It is one thing to raise a veil, and another to rend it.

154.

Every veil secretly desires to be lifted, except the veil of Hypocrisy.

155.

To reveal hidden beauty without displaying it is the perfection of the speech of Love, as of the skill of Art.

156.

Two classes of thy thoughts thou mayest conceal from thy Love: those that are too tender, and those that are not tender enough.

157.

As the astronomer beholds the star, not directly, but by reflection, so Love and Love discern each other's thought imaged in the mirror of their own souls.

158.

As the bud a leaf, so at last the thought becomes a word.

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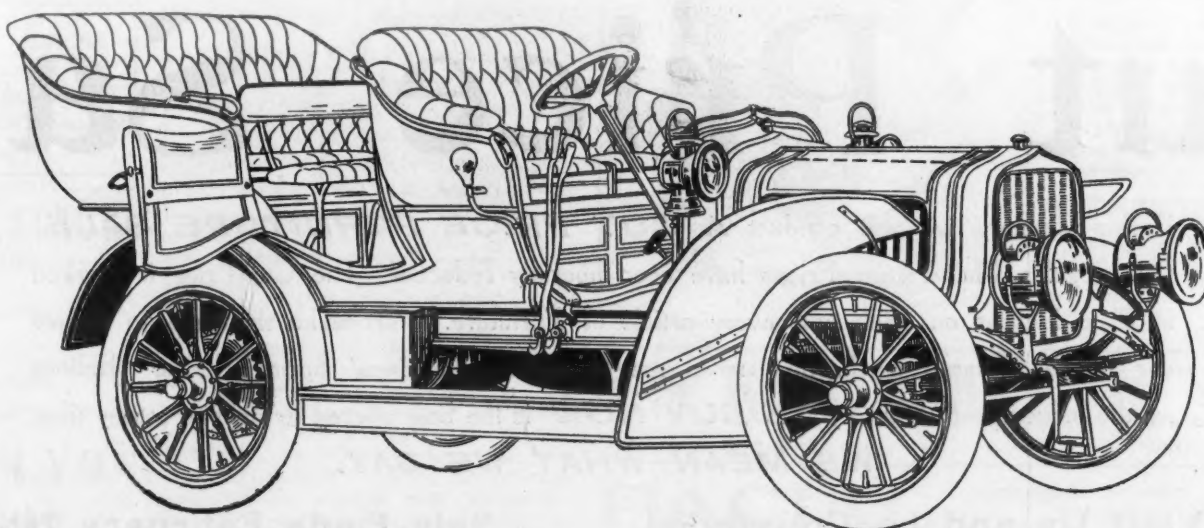
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CLOAKS & FURS

159.

The thought that would delight thy Love must first have delighted thyself.



The 1906 TYPE XII 35-40 H. P. POPE-TOLEDO

Why do you suppose that 40 per cent of the cars in the French eliminating trials were shaft-driven and not a one of this type was placed?

Why do you suppose that in 1904, 25 per cent of the cars in the Gordon-Bennett race were shaft-driven and in 1905 only one single car, and that one English, was not driven by the double-direct chain system? Isn't that "tendency" with a vengeance?

Here is what the Paris *Herald* says about the Ardennes Race:

"The start, which took place at 6:30 a. m., was marked by one of those deplorable accidents which no amount of foresight can possibly prevent. The C. G. V. machine, which was destined to be driven by an entirely new driver, was signalled to start the very first on the list. The clutch was slipped in with such force that the live axle was snapped, and the vehicle immediately lay a helpless wreck on the roadside. So far as I could ascertain, no constructional fault was to be discovered. The steel was excellent. The whole blame must be laid on the fact that the driver was in too great a hurry to start."

But none of the drivers of the double chain driven cars slipped their clutches "too quickly."

The Pope-Toledo employs the double-direct chain system, which is almost endorsement enough, even if that car had not won nearly every notably public race or hill-climbing contest held in America in the past two seasons. Here are some of its latest victories:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., HILL CLIMB:—October 15th.

Soules 30 h. p. Pope-Toledo.....	0:48
Stoneburn, 30 h. p. Pope-Toledo.....	0:52 1/2
W. F. Schafer, 50 h. p. Thomas.....	0:58 1/2
B. M. Richards, 30 h. p. Thomas.....	1:02 4/5
G. W. Hirkover, 32 h. p. Royal.....	1:11 3/4
J. Moynihan, 32 h. p. Pierce.....	1:26 4/5

PAWTUCKET HILL CLIMB:—November 23rd.

A. C. Lee, 30 h. p. Pope-Toledo.....	1:08 4/5
J. K. Crawford, 30 h. p. Pope-Toledo.....	1:09 4/5
C. E. Stafford, 28 h. p. Packard.....	1:12 3/5
F. Blanchard, 40 h. p. Winton.....	1:14 1/5
C. Montgomery, 40 h. p. Thomas.....	1:25

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New Books

There isn't much consolation for the reader who is dissatisfied with the present condition of society and industry (unless he can apply as much optimism to the situation as does the author), in Josiah Strong's "The Next Great Awakening," a volume which presents the complex subject in a simple, entertaining and unique manner before the public. Mr. Strong is a reformer, but he believes in redoing things done wrong by making over the spirit of mankind. In short Mr. Strong is confident that the simple social laws of Jesus Christ are the remedy for the existing social and industrial evils which are the occasion of so much discontent and dissatisfaction; that the Sermon on the Mount is more applicable to these wrongs than laws or rules that might be made. Of course to do what Mr. Strong says is necessary, would cause something more than an awakening, perhaps a suffering, but that is the penalty, perhaps, for drifting away from the principle of Christian service to that of "get the dough." The author declares that three principles of service, sacrifice and love, honestly performed, would put an end to the injustice of wealth, the so-called tyrannies of labor and the troubles of mankind generally; that we are out of time with the high purposes of our maker; that selfishness instead of service, love and sacrifice rules commercially and spiritually; that we have gone off half-cocked, with a half-accepted Christianity until we have built up a great civilization that must be made to conform with the whole religion. Mr. Strong takes public, employer and wage earner to task for their disregard of the principles of service. They do not seek to better humanity, the author declares so much as they do profit of the work they do. The wage earner and public, he says, clamor for high wages and low prices, two things that are in bold contrast, and seldom think of the methods necessary to bring about the result or of the disaster to others in the doing of it. The author suggests an "Anti-Bargain Brotherhood," which will refuse to buy because prices are too low. There are many things and thoughts in "The Next Great Awakening," which those who

keep abreast of the times will appreciate and ponder. In fact, the entire work is so adroitly handled that it almost makes one admit that it is the only way out of a bad mess. And the way the wrath of the Lord has been descending on some of the foremost disciples of the "money cult," would seem to bear out many of its assertions. (The Baker-Taylor Co., publishers, New York; price 35 cents.)

A slashing story, one with which to while away a dull hour or two, is the tale Herbert Quick has produced, "Double Trouble." It's not to be taken seriously, Mr. Quick joshes it himself here and there, but it's good and it's funny too. Best of all it is amusing to the degree of making one stick to the finish once he begins. It's an improvement on the detective and mystery stories in every respect. It details the experiences of a young man who suddenly loses his personality and becomes absolutely another man, with similar external features, but every other characteristic and trait different. In his new self he disappears, becomes a millionaire, prominent in public affairs and incidentally is engaged to wed a pretty girl. There'd never have been such a tale as "Double Trouble" however, if things went on so. The other personality, the original, comes back and asserts itself and of course he is in the air, feels like a murderer, wearing his victim's clothes. As *Gene Brassfield*, he was a dashing, daring business man and lover, as *Floridian Amidon*, he was conservative and bashful. As *Amidon*, an occultist, sends him back to the place where *Brassfield* gained all his triumphs, to the business of which he knows nothing, to his fiancée of whom he knows less, and to the people of the city who are strangers to him. His return after five years' disappearance is appreciated by everybody save poor *Amidon*. He is *Amidon*, but he has *Brassfield's* exterior and they all greet him as *Brassfield*, even the fiancée. The people can't understand. He acts so queer even toward his fiancée. *Brassfield* had been a standing choice of the gang for mayor, but *Amidon* scouts the idea. He is finally nominated while the mesmerist has him in the *Brassfield* state and subsequently when she switches him into *Amidon*

again he kicks over the traces with a reform platform. He gets into all sorts of predicaments through this duality of mentality, but with the aid of the mesmerist and the confidence of the fiancée to whom is demonstrated that he is two men at once, he gets his right bearings and in his *Amidon* character weds the woman he had courted as *Brassfield*. As *Brassfield* he proved to be much of a roue in many things, and the young lady got a good glimpse at both sides of the odd man. (Bobbs-Merrell Company; publishers; Indianapolis, Ind. Price, \$1.25.)

Magazines

Among the variety of contributions appearing in the January number of *The National Magazine* is an especially entertaining one from the pen of Charles Warren Stoddard—a study of "Kate Field, Cosmopolite." Her early ambitions and efforts, her enthusiasm over Dickens on the occasion of his reading tour, their first meeting, and one or two of the great novelist's notes to this fair admirer of his genius, furnish material for the thoroughly readable article which, by the way, is by one who also knew her.

The January number of *Moody's Magazine*, the new monthly devoted to the interests of investors and bankers, contains some incisive editorials illuminating special articles and generally good information about financial and industrial affairs. One of the features is a symposium on "Federal Control of Railroad Rates" contributed to by a number of men of prominence in public and commercial life. Mr. Frederick N. Judson of St. Louis furnished one of the articles. Among the other contributors are Charles A. Conant, Frank H. Spearman, Thomas Gilman, Charles E. Keater and others. There are letters from correspondents in several large cities, but St. Louis is not represented.

One feature of the A. B. C. BOHEMIAN bottle beer, Purity—by a process originated and patented by us, every bottle is sterilized before it is filled, and Pasteurized afterwards. Order from American Brewing Company.

Charity on Rollers—Get On

Roller skating is great sport, but it's doubly so when it is done for charity. On February 5, at the capacious Jai Alai Rink there will be an opportunity for all to do some charity skating. Everybody who rents a pair of skates that evening will be contributing to the worthy cause which Archbishop Glennon is promoting—that of establishing a home for homeless boys and girls. There will be lots of fun, special features, and a great gathering of pretty girl skaters as well as novices. Archbishop Glennon has received considerable encouragement in the promotion of this charity and he has appointed the Rev. J. P. Dunne to aid in Chrystalizing the idea. Father Dunne is a great lover of children, has done much for the homeless ones and has a great capacity for shaping the destinies of such an enterprise. As usual the Queen's Daughters are foremost in the work of aiding the charity. St. Rose's guild of the order, having arranged for the special night at the Jai Alai rink. The receipts on that occasion will be turned into the Boys' and Girl's Home fund which has already been started.

A Boon for Women

One St. Louis enterprise the women of St. Louis should never forget is the Belcher Baths, at Fourth and Lucas avenue. Of all the bathing establishments in the city it is the only one that recognizes women as patrons the year round. In fact it is the only bathing establishment in the city open to women at any time. A department exclusively devoted to women, with skilled attendants, is conducted by the Belcher Bath Company. It is finished in marble and there is a comfortable, capacious pool in which the bathers may plunge to their hearts' content. The use of the waters, both in bathing and drinking, is known to produce wonderful results in clearing and beautifying complexions, giving them a natural tint and the smoothness of silk.

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Music

BY PIERRE MARTEAU.

Choral Symphony.

Herr Ernst's evident determination to take things easy, is making the Choral Symphony Society's season a fizzle. The programme of the last concert, devoted principally to Slavonic composers, suggested a number of great works of the Russian school, new to St. Louis concert goers; it was made up, however, almost entirely of works given previously by the society. Mr. Ernst knows the "Pathetique" symphony of Tchaikowsky very well, and "acted out" the sentiment of the music with great freedom and ease.

The pianist, a young lady with local affiliations, acquitted herself brilliantly in that good old war-horse, Liszt's concerto in E flat, otherwise known as "the virtuoso's delight." Mme. Hinkelooper-Samaroff's playing was characterized by remarkable clarity, facility in passage work, and impeccable pedalling. In the strenuous parts of the work the orchestra did not always permit her to be heard, otherwise the accompaniment was respectably played.

Unless great pressure is brought to bear, Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" will not close the season as originally planned. Mr. Ernst objects to the work on account of the elaborate scoring for chorus and orchestra, and the distinguished singers engaged to interpret the solo parts, will, according to present plans, be pressed into service in Dubois' "Seven Last Words."

Morning Choral.

The original comedy with music, given by members of the Morning Choral Club at the Odeon last week, served to show the versatility of the organization and the mimetic skill of the members composing the cast.

Mrs. D. R. Calhoun's *Fifi*, a French maid metamorphosed into a prima donna, was an extraordinarily clever piece of work, well sustained throughout, and the interpolated songs were sung with style and artistic finish. The lady's brilliant beauty and grace added not a little to her success.

Mrs. Will Stanard gave an evenly excellent performance: songs, two numbers, by Ronald, exhibited one of the clearest, richest soprano voices to be heard in this city.

Mrs. Franklin Knight, and Mrs. Edward Macy, as mistress and maid, were excellent in their respective roles, and Miss Margery Ferris made a hit as a "horsey" girl.

The skilled hand of Mr. Miro Delmotta was in evidence in the performance of this pleasant comedy by Mrs. La Beaume.

Impressario in New Studio

Mr. R. P. Strine, who as singer and impresario occupies an important place in the musical life of St. Louis, announces the removal of his office and studio to 1000 N. Grand avenue, where he will continue his vocal classes, the management of musical enterprises and artists. Mr. Strine is prepared to furnish talent for at homes, recitals, musicales and all occasions where artistic services are required. Concerts given under his management during the current season will include the best artists now in America, thus assuring St. Louis musical prestige in keeping with its importance as the leading city of the Southwest.

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Julian Mitchell's Most
Beautiful,

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CENTURY

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in the Stupendous
Production,
THE SHEPHERD KING

NEXT WEEK

Dustin Farnum

In Owen Wister's Fas-
cinating

"THE VIRGINIAN"

Seat Sale Opens Thurs.

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De WOLF HOPPER

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Clark in

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Theatrical

The Shepherd King.

"The Shepherd King," at the Century this week, is one Biblical drama that does not altogether tend to commercialize Christianity or cheapen dramatic art for the sake of getting the simoleons into the strong box. Of course the promoters are not exactly "in His steps," commercially speaking; that is to say, they are not producing this entertainment merely to satisfy their spiritual cravings, but they have striven to give it a beautiful and artistic setting, in keeping with the dignity of the subject.

The niece is different from other Biblical plays also in that it does not rely upon mechanical clap-trap for its attractiveness. It is not boresome. Any theater-goer would be entertained by it. It is a really strong drama, crisp of speech, smooth in action and well arranged as to scenes.

"The Shepherd King" is three years old, and was written and originally produced by Wright Lorimer, its present star. Mr. Lorimer was ambitious to achieve histrionic distinction. He was in much the same position as the man with a message who had to hire a hall to deliver it. He had to produce his own play to satisfy his ambition, and he was succeeding only fairly well until William A. Brady saw the possibilities of the niece, and got behind it and Lorimer. Result: Better production and better bookings and full houses. The play appeals to a refined and educated class of people, who rarely are seen in the theaters save in attendance upon a play of religious theme or high morals. In the audiences at the Century this week are many of this class, including clergymen, Bible students and teachers.

Wright Lorimer plays the part of David, with an unusual effectiveness, having appeared in the role so often as to know it from the soul outward.

Ethelbert Hales' Saul, is another bit of artistic work, truthfully presenting the troubled, crazed King of Israel.

Miss Helen Holmes and Miss Nillette Reed are not overburdened with parts, but are commendable, nevertheless.

The story of the piece is the story of the life of David from boyhood to King.

In Happyland.

"In Happyland," at the Garrick, is one comic opera, perhaps, which is worthy the alternative title of musical comedy. It is handsomely staged, and the music is a veritable stream of sweet melody. It is a glimpse of Reginald De Koven at his best. It has a classic ring that fits adequately the luxury and grace of "Happyland." Of the lines the best have been put into the mouths of Mr. Hopper and his able colleague in comedy, and the rex business, William Danforth, with a few bright ones for Miss Clark and William Wolff.

There isn't much need for any one save Mr. Hopper and Mr. Danforth to attempt any funny business, because of the grave danger of collision with the supposedly real article dispensed by the chiefs in that line. Mr. Hopper is undeniably a comedian, but somehow he does not seem to soar as enthusiastically "In Happyland" as he has in other pieces. Yet he is still master of leg work grimace and vocal gymnastics that are classed as funny business, and sings his funny songs with the same effective expression as of yore. Moreover, he turns the epigram and the quip by the emphasis of the right word, and has everything he used to have, apparently, save the amount of steam.

But, perhaps, Mr. Hopper wishes to give others in the show a chance. Those of the cast who shine, however, would shine, despite anything Mr. Hopper might do, because they are almost as

clever along their own lines. William Danforth as *King Altimus*, the four-flushing monarch, exposes a fine understanding of the affinity between the sublime and ridiculous. William Wolff, as the keeper of secrets to *King Ecstasticus* (Mr. Hopper), is intermittently funny, and possessor of a fair voice. Joseph Phillips is a gorgeous *Prince Fortimatus*, with a barytone that makes him shine all the more, and Frank Casey, John Dunsmore and Carl Haydn are others of excellence in the cast.

Little Marguerite Clark, however, is to my mind, the most interesting personality in the production. What stores of powerful melody are housed in her petite person! Like a fairy among the brawny giants and giantesses she flits about singing and dancing with a sweetness and grace that are seldom found in unison. And how well she acts the part of the innocent child Princess! She is indeed a wonderfully clever and bewitching little queen. Next to her among the women comes Ada Deaves, who, in the role of the grotesque, ugly and fictitious *Princess of Altruria*, provokes no end of mirth. Estelle Wentworth and Bertha Shalek lend much charm to the operatic features of the production. The chorus supplies several pretty stage settings, and the military guards are a most presentable body. The show, from top to bottom, is excellent entertainment—one might say Marguerite Clark is the main show, and the rest is merely incidental.

Rogers Brothers.

The Rogers Brothers must be nearing the end of their tether as "German comedy conversationalists," judging from their offering of improvised stale jokes at the Olympic this week. Nearly everything of theirs in that line has been doing hard work for a year or more on the local burlesque stages. Their stunt makes a noise like a worn-out punk factory. They have made some concessions to public decency or common sense, for which we should be thankful—they have cut out the spittal bath that used to be such a funny (?) feature of their sketch and much of the word-twisting is absent. They have also moved backward several rows to let the talent to the front and generally are showing a disposition to tumble to themselves.

But there are other things in the Olympic attraction that atone for the Rogersisms of the show. In the first place it is pretty to the eye, to which it mainly appeals. There is an efficient dancing and singing chorus and some of the stage pictures it executes are deserving of the applause bestowed upon them. But the music is not all that it should be. It is stiff and unmelodic, and out of it all there are but a few bars that the memory seeks to retain.

The singing is only fair. Corinne does most of it. Corinne once possessed a pretty and strong and witching voice, but while Corinne still is, the voice is not. However, Corinne's singing is as good as the lyrics, perhaps a little better, and if she is lacking in the trills, she isn't altogether out of it, for she dances as nimbly as a girl of 16, looks the part of the soubrette all over, and does a fair bit of character work in one of her songs, depicting an Englishman, German, Frenchman and negro.

There are others in the cast who make a good impression by sincere work. Maurice Darcy, for instance, hasn't much to do but warble a bit, yet he does that with a great deal more feeling than one would think the songs could inspire. But Darcy is handicapped with a drawing-room voice. Josie Intropidi, who hasn't as yet discovered the necessity or importance of swapping names in the profession, renders strong support, too strong in fact, sometimes. She takes her part entire-

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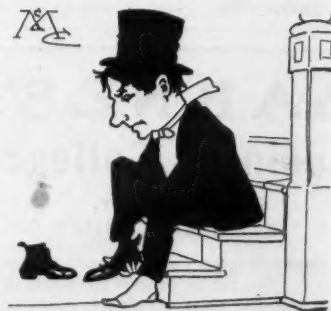
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too seriously, and while at times she appears *Anastasia* appear typical enough, there are other occasions in which she'd be more effective if she did not pitch her voice in the upper parts of the belfry. She is quite generally amusing, however. Bessie DeVoe's got the swellest of all. She just wears nice togs, has her pretty face and loquacious optics into the picture occasionally, sings a bar or two and dances away with her share of the "long green" quite gracefully. And Bessie hasn't her hand in the proprietors' pocket, either, for she's worth anything to any old show, just to have her face in the picture. It's the face of many a man's ideal, as may be observed or overheard in the audience while she's casting her most bewitching eyes and smiles about.

Others in the cast whose work is earnestly done are Charles F. McCarthy, Edward O'Connor, John Conroy, Ethel Intropidi, Julia Eastman and William Torpey.

"In Old Kentucky" began its career as a fortune-making play twelve years ago and yet at the Grand where it is playing this week, it is exceedingly difficult to get a desirable seat. The piece is just as popular with the romantic play lover as it has ever been and it promises to remain so. It is a stirring story of "heart interest" with a Southern atmosphere. A horse race with real horses is one of the features and it may be said that the proprietors of the play were among the first to discover the mechanism that made the equine contest a stage possibility. The producing company this season is as usual, thoroughly capable. Miss Marian Shirley appears in the heroine role, that of *Madge*, and she rides to victory the thoroughbred with all the enthusiasm of the equestrienne. Miss Shirley was specially engaged for this part and she certainly makes good. Frank Dayton, Guy Durrell and all the others in the cast render intelligent support.

It's a far cry from the regulation melodrama attraction of the Imperial to that of "My Tom-Boy Girl" playing at that popular playhouse this week. It is so much in the nature of a change and it is so good a piece of work that the patronage is large and most enthusiastic. The piece is a musical comedy based on life in the North and South and is full of action. Lottie Williams is the clever little star and she proves herself a comedienne of depth and breadth. Her role calls for a combination of thrills, dramatic and melodic and she handles both with finesse. She's quite a show in herself, but she doesn't have to be so, because her support is excellent—especially that rendered by Nettie Maskell, Maud Kellett, Harriet Davis, Viola McDonald, W. H. Stevens, Al Lester and J. E. La Saint.

The Gayety attraction this week is a strong one in every particular. The company produces two laughable travesties, one as an opener and the other at the finish of the performance. These are excellently done by the burlesquers, among whom are several well known comedy artists. The olio which is of considerable length, furnishes quite a deal of fun and entertainment in itself. Among the features are Crawford and Heintzmann in song and dance, Lawrence Cane & Co., in a novel magic act, introducing a great illusion called "Creation," Collins and Brown, who are innovating in German comedy with success; Wessen, Watson and Wessen in their popular sketch "Hotel Repose," and Coulter, Stevens and Bissett in an excellent exhibition of wooden and soft shoe dancing.

The London Gayety Girls are offering a great show at the Standard this week and it's been a case of get your seats early or be left, thus far. The two

burlesques, "Way Out West," which satirizes a drama recently seen here, and "Mixing Things Up," call out the full company and the fun is of the uproarious kind and continuous. Then there are the specially imported act of the Vedmars, a rare feature; the clever mimic, Pat White; Ferguson and Watson, in a funny sketch entitled "A Certain Party;" Adams and Swinburne, the ginger girls; Bassett and Scott, soft-toe dancers; Grace Dean, comedienne; Jack Strouse, the youthful tenor singer, and Nettie Grant, who appears as Baby Marion. The chorus is an exceptionally good feature. It is 30 strong, sings well and looks well.

Della Cole, a St. Louis girl, is one of the talented members of the chorus with the "Four Mortons" who were at the Grand last week. Miss Cole, a few years back, was favorably known in amateur theatrical circles in St. Louis, few entertainments of note taking place at which she did not appear. She is an exceptionally graceful dancer, has a good barytone voice, is a pretty good mimic and a first class entertainer. She does a speaking part in the first act of "Breaking Into Society," taking the part of an East Side (New York) newsboy in a craps game.

Coming Attractions.

Lew Fields in the musical comedy, "It Happened in Nordland," will be at the Olympic next week, supported by a company which includes several stage favorites. The vehicle is new to St. Louis, but has been received enthusiastically in New York and other cities. The music is said to be of the best, and Lew Fields tends to the fun, with able lieutenants.

"Heldleberg," a new play, said to be of clean cut proportions and dramatic force will be presented at the Garrick next week, the engagement commencing Sunday night. Vaughn Glaser will be the principal in the production. He is a popular and versatile young actor who has made a decided hit in this particular play. He is well supported.

"The Virginian," with Dustin Farnum in the leading role will be the Century bill next week, commencing Sunday night. "The Virginian" is a good, live, successful drama. It was presented here before and was well received. The producing company this season is about the same as that of last season. It is well balanced and capable.

Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" comes to the Grand Sunday for a week's stay, opening with a matinee performance. Like "Way Down East" and other dramas of that ilk "The Old Homestead" is perennially popular, especially when the standard cast is maintained. The producing company of the present production is a capable one.

Wilhelma Francis, a talented St. Louis girl will play the heroine role in "The Lighthouse by the Sea," the popular melodrama which is to be presented next week at the Imperial. The engagement opens Sunday afternoon. The production is replete with realistic scenes and the story is one of deep interest.

"The Merry Makers" will put on an entertainment at the Standard next week that will be up to the minute in all respects. The comedy and many other good features will bear the stamp of newness. There are several good singers in the company and the olio performers are among the best on the burlesque stage. A red hot and laughable travesty will be the main source of fun.

There's a dash of everything in the Gayety's bill next week. The attraction is "Irwin's Big Show," an organization of clever burlesque fun makers with new kinds of comedy stunts, songs and sketches. The musical features of the show will not be the least. The singers with the company are all "classy." And a travesty of rare mirthfulness and a big bill of specialties will vary the entertainment some.

"Boccacio" proved the winner of the season for the German Stock Company

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at the Odeon last Sunday night. It was a brilliant achievement by a stock company, which had heretofore appeared only in dramatic works, farces and comedies. That this rarely well poised company should be able to do more than justice to an operetta of the magnitude of "Boccacio" was a wonderful surprise to the sold-out house, which listened to the opera. "Boccacio" was repeated Wednesday night with the same eminent success. Next Sunday night one of the most delightful musical farces, "Eine leichte Person," will be given with Emilie Schoenfeld in the title part for the benefit and special entertainment of the "Red Feathers," a little company of "Eagles," who have adopted that title and chosen a red feather for their emblem. The "Red Feathers" will appear at the Odeon in a body, decorated with the handsome long red quills. The Heine-mann and Welb Stock Company will furnish ample entertainment with their good farce comedy for the "Red Feathers" and a large audience composed of regular patrons.

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Letters From the People

GROUND HOG AS WEATHER PROPHECY.

Jefferson City, Mo., Jan. 9th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Since the MIRROR opened the discussion of divining the weather in advance by certain ancient methods, such as the goose bone, the corn shuck and muskrat holes, attention has been called to a very conspicuous omission, in the list of meteorological media of divination, to-wit: the ground hog. It is probably true that the ground hog has quite as much to do with the weather as any of the other signifiers mentioned. Indeed, a great many persons have long considered the ground hog the most faithful index of future weather known to civilized man. The only trouble with the ground hog, as his partisans view the matter, is that he goes into his hole in the early part of winter and is not seen again until February 2. On this date each year he makes his re-appearance.

At this point we may quote Col. Wm. H. Phelps, of Carthage, who is a firm believer in the ground hog as a weather prophet.

"He first sticks his nose out of his hole," says the Colonel, "and remains quiet for some time. Next, he stealthily creeps out into the open and looks about on each side of him. If he sees his shadow, he will immediately return to his den and remain there for six weeks. This is a certain indication that there will be six more weeks of winter weather. On the other hand, if he does not see his shadow, he will go forth in search of food, and it may be depended upon that the backbone of winter has been broken and spring is at hand." The ground hog, in other words, emerges from his hibernation much after the fashion of a lobbyist entering Jefferson City under the administration of Folk.

This is the generally-accepted theory regarding the ground hog, except that old residents of Northern States aver that he does not make his initial winter appearance in their localities until February 14. From States below Mason and Dixon's line, however, these Southern adherents of the ground hog entertain the opinion that it is altogether probable that he appears on February 2. It seems reasonable that if a Northern ground hog is punctual about making his appearance February 14, that one having a habitation in a warmer climate would know enough to leave his den on February 2. But there are doubters who declare that no ground hog regulates the evacuation of his winter quarters by the almanac. Col. Jasper N. Burks, of Southeast Missouri, maintains that the ground hog has no sense at all, and that weather prognostication based on the varmint's actions is sheer superstition. He does not deny that the little animal can put up almost as vicious a fight against dogs as a badger, but says it is preposterous to assume that he keeps track of the days of the month, and to some extent, regulates his coming and going thereby. Nick Kielman, of Jefferson City, an old hunter and fisherman, who knows a few things about Missouri's fauna and flora, is ready to meet any man in Missouri, in argument, that the Missouri ground hog does not leave his den on any particular winter day. Being a Missourian and a woodsman, Mr. Kielman all his life had heard stories about the ground hog leaving his hole February 2. He was skeptical and concluded to do some investigating on his own account. To this end, he procured a young ground hog and kept it about his place as a pet. The first season he did not note the exact dates of its disappearance and re-appearance. The next season he was more watchful. He discovered that his pet disappeared into a hole it had excavated under an old building, Novem-

ber 22. Of this incident he made a note in his weather book, and informed his friends that for once, he was determined to put the ground hog theory to an indisputable test. So he faithfully watched that hole. When there was no snow on the ground, he sprinkled flour all around it, to the end that it would be impossible for the ground hog to come out without his knowledge. (Is this where the dwarf learned his device to catch the lovers, *Tristan and Iseult*?) Each day Mr. Kielman carefully inspected that ground hog hole. The 2d and the 14th of February passed, and still no ground hog. The neighbors told him that the ground hog was undoubtedly dead, else it would certainly have made its appearance February 2. Mr. Kielman kept up his vigil, however. February passed entirely and March came. Still Mr. Kielman sprinkled flour daily around that ground hog hole, and it was not until March 22 that his vigil was rewarded. That day the little animal came out of the hole as if he had some urgent business on hand. He was a sorry looking sight. The hair was worn off his body and he was too poor to make a shadow, even had he tried to do so. For a week thereafter, Mr. Kielman avers, that ground hog hung about the kitchen with seemingly no other object in life than to try and breed a famine. He dug a hole under the fence and devoured a neighbor's hot house plants. Although stuffed until he swelled out like a little balloon, it seemed that he could not get enough to eat. In brief, Mr. Kielman is of the opinion now that almost a month elapsed before that ground hog thought of anything else than eating. Now, this looks like official information on the ground hog. Farmers who have been in the habit of selling themselves short on feed during years when February 2 was a cloudy day, owe Mr. Kielman a debt of gratitude. The information he has so kindly given the public ought to cast some doubts on the ground hog as a weather prophet. Still it is a hard matter to remove an old prejudice. There are those who will still swear by the ground hog.

A story from Col. Oliver Hazard Perry Catron, of West Plains, shows how thoroughly the ground hog belief has imbedded itself in the minds of some people. Old Cy Rodgers, of Stone County, noted with alarm that his supply of feed would run short unless there was an early spring. He believed firmly in the ground hog. So did his son, Ike. As the second of February drew near, the old man and the boy talked much of the ground hog. "If the durned critter only stays out of his hole," said the old man to Ike, "we will have an early spring." This caused Ike to do some thinking. The boy was up early the morning of February 2. He took the old man's gun and hastened to keep vigil over a ground hog's den, the location of which he knew well. It was a clear day, and he knew that when the ground hog came out and observed his shadow, he would promptly return to his den, and there would be six more weeks of winter weather. Presently the ground hog emerged from his hole. Quick as a flash Ike put a charge of shot through its body. Picking up the carcass, he ran home in high glee and said to the old man: "Now, dad, we'll have an early spring. I jist shot this critter so he couldn't get back in his hole and bring on six weeks of bad weather." This story has been told before in connection with some historical researches touching superstitious beliefs, but it serves its purpose quite as well in discussing the weather, which is a pretty big subject, after all. No matter what conclusion may be reached, it may be admitted that the ground hog knows nearly as much about the weather as a good many weather prophets who draw salaries for making predic-



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tions that never come true. Moreover, he does not print his predictions, or get out almanacs foretelling cyclones, earthquakes and other things likely to keep timid people awake when they ought to be asleep. The Missouri Historical Society ought to write to Mr. Kielman, who is a very intelligent man, and get a written statement from him touching the incident here referred to.

C. B. O.

THE BOYS IN THE "PEN."

Jefferson City, Jan. 10, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

One of the convicted boodlers, Bersch, has been discharged from the penitentiary under the three-fourths rule. On the 20th inst. Denny and Hannigan will leave. The next two year man to emerge will be Schnettler on March 29th, and he is the last of the two year men. Faulkner, with three years, Hartman, with six and Lehman seven years,

will remain. Those who have recently been to Jefferson City say that Lehman will break down, as he thought that he would be allowed to go, after he had served a two year sentence, and his wife being confined in the insane asylum, he is continually talking about it. No one has ever given him any aid.

Hartman's wife did some work here, and his little daughter is working in a shoe factory. The boy is small and is troubled with deafness. Mrs. Hartman is at present in debt here where she has been living.

It has been stated recently in the *Star-Chronicle* that Butler was aiding her. He gave her about one hundred and twenty-five (\$125.00) dollars all told. He gave it twenty-five (\$25.00) dollars at a time, but she has not received a cent from him in five months. It is talk around the penitentiary that Charles Kratz did more for Hartman than Col. Butler has done. Kratz gave Mrs. Hartman five hundred (\$500.00)

dollars shortly after her husband came here.

It looks as if Governor Folk takes the position that a jury having sentenced Fankner for three years, and also a jury having given Lehman and Hartman their sentences, he will not feel called upon to interfere, but will make them serve three years each. * * *

JEW IN ST. LOUIS CLUB.

St. Louis, Jan. 10th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Is it true that a Jew cannot become a member of the St. Louis Club?

YAHUDA.

[It is not. No one is barred from the Club because of his religious or political faith. There are Jewish members of the St. Louis Club. If anyone is barred or blackballed it is because of his own character or characteristics, not for his race or religion.—ED. MIRROR.]

A CRACK AT THEATER MANAGERS.

St. Louis, Jan. 5, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Not long ago I read a communication in your "Letters from the People" column which was a just complaint against the trying evil of late-coming to theaters and I have taken pains since then to watch the theater crowds and I have about come to the conclusion that this bad practice due to woman's and also man's vanity, is worse here than in any other city. This is a matter that the slow-going theater managers of St. Louis ought to look into. They go along so swimmingly in business matters that details of management, such as the correction of this evil, are too trivial for their great but unbothered brains. If they could but hear the outspoken criticism of those in the audience who are inconvenienced and absolutely disturbed perhaps in the enjoyment of the best features of an act by these late arrivals, they would be moving faster than they did the day after the Iroquois disaster in Chicago. In some of the local theaters the late-arriving evil is worse than in others, but this shouldn't prevent the local managers holding a conference and making a rule prohibiting late comers from taking seats where others will be disturbed in the enjoyment of an act or scene. The managers of the big foreign theaters easily dispose of this troublesome practice in just this way; why can't the St. Louis managers do as much? Are they afraid they will injure the feelings of a few Nabobs? What if they do? Haven't they the vast majority with them?

A SUFFERER.

THE PHYSICIAN AND THE PEOPLE.

St. Louis, Jan. 5, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Physicians who are specialists and these who practice everything in the profession, like many other men and things, aren't like their predecessors used to be. By and by if things keep moving in the channel they now seem to occupy, a person will have to be a millionaire in order to get a doctor to feel his pulse or look at his tongue. They forget that they owe everything they can give in the way of scientific aid to the people. They are chasing the dollar and to get it at the smallest outlay of energy they are hugging the wealthy few. The result—the poor man, even the man of moderate means, is practically barred from their service. The specialist immediately upon his becoming famous in his profession and

city forthwith gives up the idea of making "calls;" patients must come to him or go to some hospital with which he is attached. This bars the poor man who may need badly the services of this great specialist. If he is too ill, as he often is, how can he go to the specialist's office unless he hires a carriage. He may be unable to walk. But the regular practitioner is as bad as the specialist. There are whole bunches of 'em who'll take a patient's money until they are blue in the face, but only in the day time. If the patient suffers a fatal change as night approaches they absolutely refuse to go to him. "Wait 'till morning; just continue the treatment," is a fine answer to get from a doctor who has taken hundreds of your dollars, when some dear one he's been treating is at death's door. No wonder the poor and middle classes have so much sickness and suffering and death among them. The best physicians are out of their reach.

OBSERVER.

Art in This City

MR. GODLOVE PROTESTS.

Jan. 13th, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The contributor to the MIRROR of the 11th inst., signing himself "One who buys pictures," is a record breaker as a long-distance jumper at wrong conclusions.

The Society for the Promotion of St. Louis Art does not limit its artist membership to members of the Guild. About one-third of its artist members are not of the Guild. Nor does its membership include all the artists in the Guild.

Furthermore its charter does not limit its purchases to the production of Guild members.

Mr. Eichbaum was asked to become a member of the society and even after he declined, the writer requested him to submit some work for the consideration of the society.

Although artist members are prohibited from paying dues and there is no financial benefit, yet an effort has been made to induce all resident, producing artists to join the society.

The charge of narrowness in its treatment of local artists is wholly without foundation and evidences an ignorance of the plans and purposes of the society, which would have deterred a fair, just man from making criticisms. But unwarranted attacks and an anonymous correspondent are boon companions very often.

Your contributor directs attention to the artists "who had to leave the city to live." Primarily and essentially, the purpose of the society is to put an end to the migration of our best men. Next to this is an equally desirable consummation—induce other good artists to come to St. Louis and assist in making our city an art center—and a center for artists. The utter disregard of facts as a basis of criticism, is the most prominent characteristic of the communication in question. The assertion that the society seems formed to create an impression that "it is a sin against art in St. Louis for any one to purchase a picture from a St. Louis art dealer," as also, the succeeding and kindred statement that the society's membership unites to freeze out local exhibitions of pictures by world famous men, are both wholly the fabric of an evil imagination and are libels not only against the society but against at least some, if not all, of our dealers. It is only necessary, at this point, to state that two of the most

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greater interest in art and thus giving encouragement to our artists.

LEWIS GODLOVE...

President, Society for the Promotion of St. Louis Art.

MR. DAWSON-WATSON OBJECTS.

Jan. 14, 1906.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The person who wrote a letter about

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CHARLES W. MARTIN, Pres.

the Society for Promotion of St. Louis Art is, to use a slang expression, "off his base." He stands opposed to the society on the very point which has been made its strongest, from the very outset, its whole aim and end being to bring the artist and the art lover and picture buyer into such close contact that an atmosphere artistic and financial may be created which will enable the St. Louis artists to live by the "products of the brush." By St. Louis, I mean Missouri, this city being the natural art center on account of its excellent school and museum. Such a condition so far has been impossible because people did not realize we had painters here, painters who stand high in their profession and whose work is quite original and apart, not over-influenced by others, and which brings things pretty close home in depicting local subjects in both figure and landscape. To quote names I will say that no matter to what exhibition you may go you will find an absolutely personal note in the work of the following artists wherever they are represented: E. H. Wuerpel, Gustave Wolff, Cornelia F. Maury, F. O. Sylvester, Paul Harney, Carl G. Waldeck, R. P. Bringhurst and G. J. Zolnay, and in photographic exhibitions, J. C. Strauss. The Guild does represent the art of St. Louis whatever may be said to the contrary. Mr. Eichbaum has sufficiently delicate reasons for not wishing to belong to the Guild or any other art association even if they wished to exclude him from their membership, reasons which are satisfying to those who know them and which he would be willing to impart to any one wishing to know them. As for the dealers I can say with certainty that the very best feeling exists between them and the artists. To prove this I will refer your correspondent to Messrs. Noonan and Kocian, Mr. Arthur Kocian being a member of the Society for the Promotion, and this firm alone has been more than willing to exhibit the work of St. Louis artists. Jealousy of Miller there is none, never was, and never will be any; we are only too glad to see him and his work any old time. Perhaps your correspondent is unaware of the fact that he was one of the jury on awards at the Fine Art school last spring. Instead of picking holes in the society which gave everyone and anyone a chance to come in and say things at the start, let your correspondent, whose name does not appear, go ahead and get a sufficient number of members to enable us to get enough money to support what we already have at present in the way of local talent, and there's plenty of it, I can tell you. The St. Louis men who have gone we cannot get back. They have been too long associated with other interests and their prices are too big for a small society to deal with, even if the constitution of the society allowed it to purchase from them. You might as well try to bring back Sargent or Mark Fisher. Had such a movement as the present one been started twenty-five years ago, Wm. M. Chase and others would still be with us, except for occasional trips farther afield, which are so essential to the artist.

Yours, very truly,
DAWSON-WATSON.

Fair Visitor—"Here, my poor man, are some roses for you. What can I do to make you comfortable?"

Prisoner—"Guess you're making a mistake, lady."

Fair Visitor—"Mistake—how?"

Prisoner—"I'm only here for porch-climbing. Yer'll find the guy that killed his wife in th' nex' cell."

Yeast—"I believe that liquor has its uses, but there's a man who abuses it." Crimsonbeak—"Is he a hard drinker or a Prohibitionist?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Reprinted by Request

YOU KISSED ME.

By Josephine Hunt.

You kissed me! My head drooped low
on your breast,
With a feeling of shelter and infinite
rest;
And a holy emotion my tongue dared
not speak
Flashed up in a flame from my heart to
my cheek.
Your arms held me fast. Oh, your
arms were so bold!
Heart beat against heart in their pas-
sionate fold;
Your glances seemed drawing my soul
through my eyes
As the sun draws the mist from the
seas to the skies;
And your lips clung to mine till I pray-
ed in my bliss,
They might never unclasp from that
rapturous kiss.

You kissed me! My heart and my
breath and my will,
In delirious joy for the moment stood
still;
Life had for me then no temptations,
no charms,
No vista of pleasure outside of your
arms;
And were I this instant an angel pos-
sessed
Of the peace and the joy that are given
the blest
I would fling my white robes unrepin-
glingly down,
And tear from my forehead its beautiful
crown
To nestle once more in that haven of
rest,
Your lips upon mine, my head on your
breast.

You kissed me! My soul in a bliss so
divine
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man
foolish with wine;
And I thought 'twere delicious to die
then, if death
Could but come while my lips were yet
moist with your breath;
'Twere delicious to die if my heart
might grow cold
While your arms clasped me round in
that passionate fold!
And these are the questions I ask day
and night:
Must my life taste but once such exqui-
site delight?
Would you care if your breast were my
shelter as then?
And if you were here would you kiss
me again?

Little Boston Girl—"Are you a cot-
tager?"

Little Harlam Boy—"No, I'm a flat-
terer."—Life.

For some reason the man had been
employed to make an inventory of the
furniture in the house. He was so long
about his task in the parlor, however,
that the lady of the mansion went in to
see what he was doing. On the floor
lay an empty bottle. On the sofa lay
the man, sleeping sweetly like a tired
child. But the inventory had not been
wholly forgotten. At the top of the
page stood a solitary, eloquent entry:
"One revolving carpet."—Chicago Daily
News.

Pa Twaddles—I can't see why that
young idiot who is calling on Molly
hasn't sense enough to go. It's mid-
night.

Tommy Twaddles—"Tain't his fault.
He can't go—sister's settin' on him.—
Cleveland Leader.

Jones—"What's good for the tooth-
ache?" Smith—"Walk about half-way
to the nearest dentist's."—Kansas City
Independent.

Kugler's
UNSURPASSED
CANDIES.
ALWAYS AN ACCEPTABLE GIFT.
LARGE VARIETY OF
FANCY BOXES, BASKETS &c
OUR ICE CREAM SODA
& OTHER FOUNTAIN DRINKS
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515 Olive Street. St. Louis.

Would call the attention of
Smokers of clear Havana
Cigars to their representation of
some of the highest class factories:

Solace—Geo. W. Nichols (Key
West).

El Wrisberg—Geo. W. Nichols
(Key West).

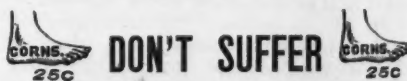
Los Lomas—Geo. W. Nichols
(Key West).

Y Pendes & Alvarez—A full line
from this old and famous
house.

Lopez & Storm's—Lord Temple
Imported Cigars—Bock Recl-
procity, 10 cents.

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The acquisition of all the brands
formerly carried by the "Wris-
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The Stock Market

The Wall street price movement, in the past week, was very conflicting at times, but still, in the main, upward. Heavy realizing sales in certain quarters had but a slightly depressing effect. The bull caldron continued to boil. Union Pacific, St. Paul, Atchafalpa, Steel, Copper and Smelting issues were again in the forefront of trading.

Transactions in Union Pacific common were on an extraordinary large scale. The stock found eager purchasers at rising prices. The buying power seemed to be unlimited. The principal bull argument is found in expectations of a higher dividend rate. That an increase is probable, is generally conceded. Talk of a six and even a seven per cent rate is everywhere to be heard. Good authorities believe that the directors will decide upon a six per cent annual rate, with an extra distribution of a half or one per cent. The company's financial position, doubtless, warrants more generosity to shareholders. The assets are of enormous value. The earnings are constantly enlarging. A seven per cent rate could be paid without any serious strain upon the company's finances. However, at its current quotations the stock discount, the present and the future to a most substantial degree. The price has risen about eighty points in the last twelve months. This enhancement in value has been brought about with but little difficulty. The occasional setbacks were not noteworthy. They represented mostly realizing on the part of small traders, who easily take fright. The original "pool" holdings remained intact until about a few weeks ago, when there could be detected evidence of a prudent, systematic distribution of "long" stock on the part of the clique. There's reason to believe, however, that the final block will be disposed of at prices still higher than those now quoted. The room-traders advise buying the shares on all modern declines for quick profits.

Southern Pacific common got a little push latterly and managed to creep up to about 70, at which point it ran up against enormous offerings by people who have been holding the bag for ever so long a time. Southern Pacific certainly acts in a disappointing manner. It has been "tipped," in season and out of season, for a big rise by any number of traders who are presumed to know what they are talking about. Yet, the stock continues to act like a lame duck. That there's a strong clique at work in it, cannot be doubted. Neither can it be questioned that the stock is bound

to sell at materially higher prices before we are many months older. If the clique refuses to go to work, there must be a reason for it. What is this reason? Most likely it is this: That the clique has not yet accumulated all the stock needed for a successful bull move, and, for this reason, deems it advisable to keep the price down to stifle all premature advances started by speculative free lances. By the way, what's the trouble with Southern Pacific preferred? This seven per cent stock should be worth a deal more than it is now selling for. It's a very attractive investment for some one with the requisite amount of capital and patience.

The bank statement of last week showed a remarkable increase in surplus reserves, which now stand at \$12,808,000. This gain was established through the return flow of currency from the interior, some belated gold arrivals from the Pacific Coast, and the usual juggling of the loan account. The surplus reserves are now larger than they have been at any time since the latter part of October, 1905. All the same, however, it must again be said that they are at the lowest level, for the second week of January, for any year since 1890. In view of this, no person endowed with financial acumen will dare gainsay the statement that the financial position is not such as to invite a continuation of rash inflation in security values. The banks will do the right thing if they shut down on the wild-eyed gamblers and thereby stop the insane performances which (to use Mr. Schiff's apt words) now "disgrace a civilized community." The stock market has been whipped up so long and so fiercely that a halt is imperatively needed. Will the banks apply the brakes? If they do they will act wisely but if they should not apply the brakes then look out for the breaks. The market has entered its perilous phase. It's mostly a crazy gamble that's now going on. Each reckless buyer thinks he will get out at the right time and at the other's loss.

If the French banks had not consented to advance \$50,000,000 to the Russian government the other day, on very onerous terms, something very disagreeable would have happened. As matters now stand, the Russians should be able to keep their heads above water for a while longer, at least. All danger is not past, however; Russia's financial position is most precarious. German bankers also did an accommodating act, latterly, when they agreed to renew Russia's 5 per cent treasury bills, amounting to \$125,000,000, which fell due a few days ago. It is stated that, since the 15th of December, 1905, the Russian Imperial Bank has lost 143,000,000 rubles in gold, mostly to Germany, the total gold holdings of that institution now amounting to only 893,000,000 rubles. The Russian note circulation, on the other hand, has been enlarged enormously. It now amounts to 1,230,000,000 rubles. This is about two times the amount outstanding before the outbreak of the war with Japan.

Gold production in the Rand mines is still on the increase. The total output for the year 1905 reached a grand total, in value, of \$105,000,000. In 1904, it was \$90,000,000, and in 1899, \$80,000,000. The world's production of gold, for 1906, promises to be record-breaking. It may be seriously doubted, however, whether it will be commensurate with the continuously and abnormally growing demand occasioned by excessive speculation in securities and commodities, and the never ending financial requirements of the nations.

In connection with the precipitous rise in Amalgamated Copper, attention must be called to the fact that the price of the metal is weakening in London, and that foreign demand for the metal is decreasing. In the last six months

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President.

RICH'D B. BULLOCK,
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there has been a remarkable falling off in exports. China and Japan have ceased to buy any copper at all. Yet, in spite of this unfavorable turn in the trade, copper shares are rising by leaps and bounds. Traders are fairly climbing over each other in their struggles to buy, no matter at what price. The cliques are "feeding out" their holdings as fast as circumstances permit. "After us the deluge."

Local Securities.

Speculative activity in the St. Louis market has shifted back to bank and

trust company shares. Street railway issues received but scant attention in the past week. American Central Insurance displayed unusual activity in the last few days, the stock rising sharply on brisk buying. The present quotation is 279 3/4. American Credit Indemnity was another popular stock. There was a liberal demand for it, which caused the price to run up to 181.

Bank and trust company shares, while fairly active, did not display noticeable strength, if exception be made of St. Louis Union and State National shares. St. Louis Union has risen to 395, and

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State National is firm at about 204 and 205. Bank of Commerce is lower, the shares selling, in a small way, at 342. Missouri-Lincoln is slightly weaker, with sales at about 139 3/4 and 140. For Third National 322 1/4 is bid, 324 1/2 asked. For Mercantile 392 1/4 is asked, with no bids.

United Railways common is lower, with small sales at about 43. The present lull in this stock may be ascribed to scattered selling and a disposition to defer buying in anticipation of a further reaction. The preferred is erratic in its movements, the last sale being made at 86 3/4. The 4 per cent bonds are slightly lower at 88 3/4.

The St. Joseph Lead Co. is about to increase its capital stock from \$6,000,000 to \$20,000,000. This explains the recent sharp rise in the value of shares, which now sell at about 23 and 23 1/4, with limited offerings. It is reported that the company will declare a stock dividend of 100 per cent, in addition to granting subscription rights to shareholders. The vote on the stock increase will be taken on the 31st of January.

For Simmons Hardware first preferred 135 is bid, 140 asked, and for the common 125 1/2 is bid, 130 asked. For Cotton Compress 57 is asked. A lot of 25 Westinghouse Coupler sold at 30, and Railroad Equipment is offered at 8.90, with bids at 8.75.

Drafts on New York are higher, reflecting the return flow of money to New York. The present quotations are 15 premium bid, 20 premium asked. Money rates remain at 5 and 6 per cent. Sterling is higher at 4.87. Berlin is 95.25 and Paris 5.16 1/2.

Answers to Inquiries.

A. B. C., Charleston, Ill.—Hold your Erie common and add to your holdings on all breaks. Yes; you might take profits on New York Central.

Subscriber.—Present price of copper (metal) higher than that of 1899. There's a theory that heavy domestic demand will prove a sustaining factor. Mercantile Marine common a risky gamble. That's all. Insiders probably trying to unload.

G. R., Corsicana, Tex.—Southern Railway common should sell at materially higher prices before this year is out. Earnings very satisfactory. Put a stop order on your holdings and hang on.

A Jay of Italy

Of late years we have had a flood of novels dealing with the Renaissance in Italy, and there is a real danger that the Renaissance mannerism may become as arid a convention as any in historical fiction. It is not very hard to catch the trick of extravagant frankness and garish color which may seem to many the authentic note of the era. But in all this we are apt to forget that the Renaissance, in spite of decadent elements, was a new birth and not a decline. In Mr. Bernard Capes' words, "the wind blew from Florence, and all the peaceful vales, so long trodden into a bloody mire, were awakening to the ecstasy of the *Promise*. That men interpreted according to their lights—lights burning fast and passionate in most places, but in a few quiet and holy." It is this last truth which clever writers like Mr. Maurice Hewlett are apt to forget. A picture filled with hot, hard lights is not only untrue to life, it is conspicuously untrue to this epoch of history. In all the riot of lust and blood there is a still, small voice proclaiming the New Way, and to see only a welter of lawlessness is to miss the essential vitality which gives it character and significance.

Because he has avoided this danger we set a high value upon Mr. Capes' new tale, says the *London Spectator*. He has taken for his subject Milan at

the end of the fifteenth century, when the Sforzas held the throne, and Ludovico's predecessor, Galeazzo, ran his strange course of mysticism and madness. To this City of the Plains comes a boy, the bastard of a great house, brought up by priests in a country monastery, and inspired with a new gospel for his countrymen. His creed is that strange mixture of pagan naturalism and Christian dogma which was to dominate the best minds of a later generation. He comes with a message of peace, of a religion of which natural joy was a part, of a purity beyond asceticism and a worship in which persecution and pain had no share. He heals Galeazzo for the moment of his mad humors, and the Duke becomes his slave. There is a holocaust of follies in Milan such as Savonarola decreed at Florence, and for a while Court and populace run riot in a strange devotion to simplicity and virtue. Mr. Capes has caught to perfection the atmosphere of this modish pietism, sincere enough for the moment, but resting only on sentiment and fancy. And then troubles begin to thicken round the saint's path. The Duke departs on a campaign, leaving Bernardo as his viceroy, and a woman who is in love with him, and whom he has scorned in his innocence, plots his fall. Lying rumors are set going. The Duke is led to suspect his wife's constancy, and to believe that Bernardo is plotting with Republicans in the town. His madness comes back, he sends a message to kill the saint, and the boy is starved to death in a dungeon. But on the Duke's return his death is avenged, since Galeazzo is slain at the church door by the Republicans who had tried in vain to make Bernardo of their number. His faithful comrade, Carlo, breaks into the dungeon, and carries the body back to the Abbey in the hills where the boy had lived. And so "there survived in Lombard legend the story of a marvellous boy, who coming to earth and Milan once upon a time with some strange message of Christ in Arcady, had taken the winter in men's hearts with a brief St. Martin's summer of delight, and had so, in the bright morning of his promise, been snatched back to the heaven's nursery from which he had estrayed,

A Liquid Food

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leaving faint echoes of divinity in his wake."

It is a beautiful fancy, and the originality of the conception loses none of its power in the telling. Bernardo's charm is so patent that his brief mastery of the Court is convincing to the reader, and the brilliant scene when he administers justice in the Duke's hall is natural and credible for all its strangeness. Excellent, too, is the picture of Galeazzo, the sick tyrant, of the great Ludovico, and of Beatrice, "the jay of Italy, whose mother was her painting." But, after Bernardo, the finest portraits are those of Carlo Lanti, the gross, honest swaggerer, who is the saint's most loyal servant, and the fool Cicada, whose wild history we leave the reader to discover. The last scene in the dungeon seems to us to rise to a great height of tragic power. We have some faults, indeed, to find with Mr. Capes. His euphuism sometimes gets out of hand and mars the poetry of his tale, and sometimes he lingers so long on an emotion that the reader is a little repelled. But for the work as a whole we have nothing but praise. It is not only the best that Mr. Capes has done, but one of the finest romances we have read for many days.

Mr. Landrum Looked After 'Em

Manager Landrum of the Planters, as he is wont to do, made things doubly pleasant for the St. Louis Advertising Men's League and their guests last Thursday night. It was the occasion of the League's semi-annual banquet, and among the guests were the Rev. J. J. Conway, S. J., Attorney Hugh K. Wagner, the Rev. Leon Harrison, the Rev. W. J. Williamson and Stephen W. Bolles. The latter acted as toast master. The banquet hall and tables were tastefully decorated and the menu was surpassing fine.

The Canine Cannibal

Garfield W. Weede, the left end of the Pennsylvania football team, lay with a broken leg in the University Hospital. In the same ward lay two other football victims, William Hollenbach and Frank Fuqua, the former with a brok-

en leg, the latter with a fractured skull. Flowers—great masses of roses and violets—surrounded these young men.

"Yes, I'm afraid," said Weede, with a patient smile, "that football is becoming a pretty ghastly sort of game. It reminds me of barbering down East."

"I once went into a down East barber shop to get my hair cut. As I sat in the chair and the scissors clicked away the barber's dog lay beside me on the floor, looking up at me all the time most attentively."

"Nice dog, that," said I.

"He is, sir," said the barber.

"He seems very fond," I said, "of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber, smiling. "Sometimes I make a mistake and take a little piece off a customer's ear."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.



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Arrives Sundays and Thursdays 8.30 p. m.

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Coupled with the marvelous growth of St. Louis, Kansas City and the Great Southwest, is the corresponding improvement and ever increasing popularity of the

BALTIMORE & OHIO SOUTHWESTERN RAILROAD

which, within the past few years, has, by excellent service and fast time, taken rank among the strictly first class railroads, and is now recognized as the **best and most popular** route from St. Louis to Cincinnati, Louisville, Columbus, Pittsburg, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York

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leaving St. Louis at 9:00 every morning crosses the Alleghany Mountains by daylight, not only enabling passengers to view much of the grandest and most picturesque scenery on the American Continent, but also to see many points of historical fame.

On all first-class tickets a stopover not to exceed ten days is permitted, without additional charge, at Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia, also at Mitchel for a visit to the famous springs at West Baden and French Lick, Ind.

Passengers ticketed via B. & O. S.W. to New York, are now landed at New West 23rd Street Terminal, the most convenient station in New York City, and located in the heart of the Shopping, Hotel and Theater District. For time tables, descriptive literature, sleeping car accommodations, etc., call on nearest Ticket Agent, or address

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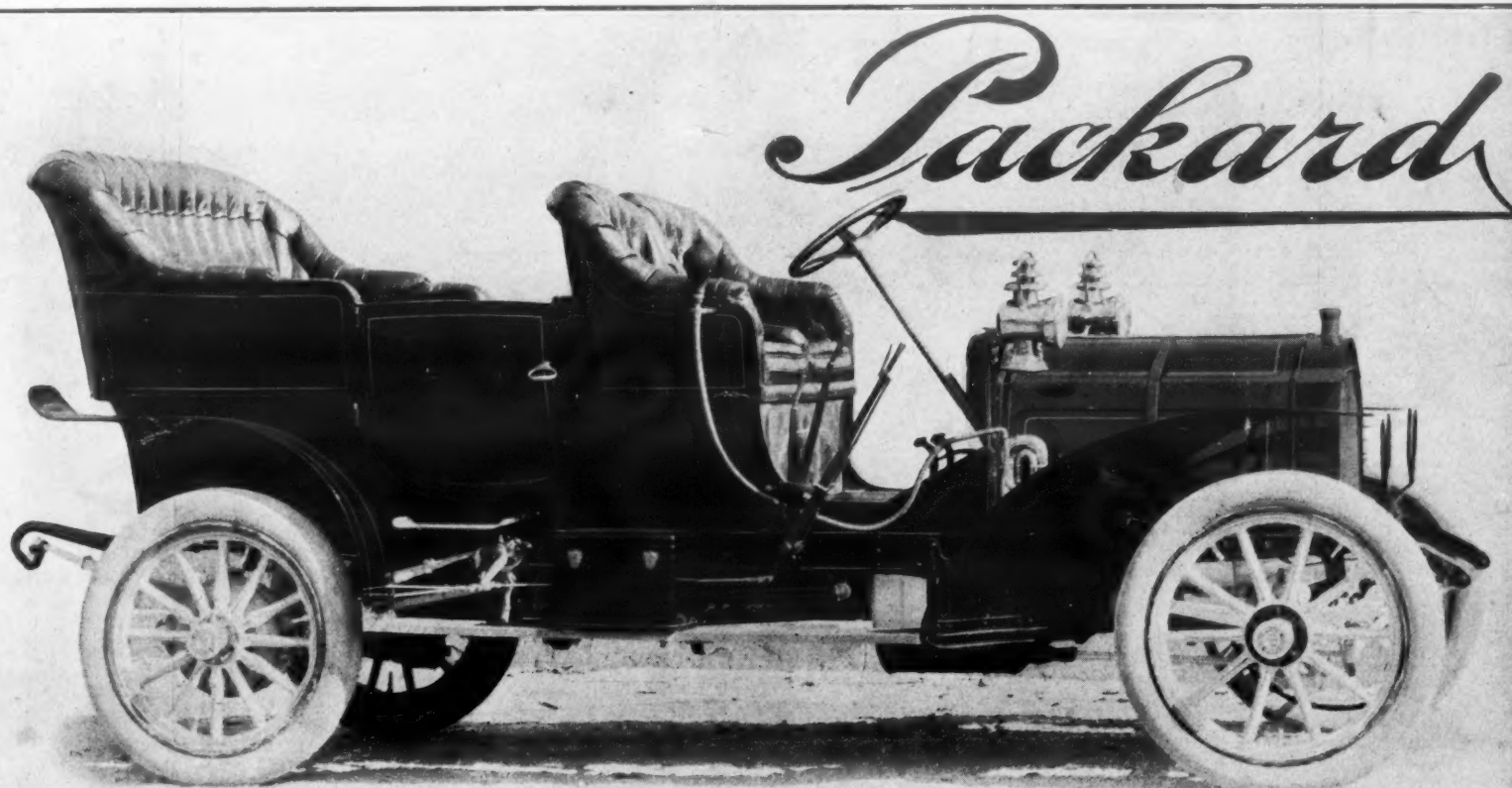
A Pullman train of dining car, club car with smoking room, barber shop and bath room, with barber and valet in attendance; stateroom, drawing room and observation sleeping cars, will leave St. Louis at 9:45 p. m. and arrive at the steamship docks at Mobile at 3 p. m. the following day. On arrival of the Havana Limited at Mobile, the palatial nineteen knot, twin screw S. S. "Prince George" will sail and pass into the harbor of Havana at Sunrise the following Monday.

Returning, the S. S. "Prince George" will sail from Havana at 5 p. m. every Wednesday, arriving at Mobile shortly after daylight Fridays, and the Havana Limited will leave the steamship dock at Mobile at 9 a. m. and arrive at St. Louis the following morning.

The S. S. "Mobila" has been remodeled and now has excellent passenger accommodations. The S. S. "Mobila" sails from Mobile now at 10 a. m. on Tuesdays and her schedule will not be interfered with by the inauguration of the S. S. "Prince George." Call at 518 Olive street, or write

Jno. M. Beall, General Passenger Agent,

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BEFORE the design of the 1906 Packard was accepted by the Packard Company, three cars were built and driven 21,000 miles over every kind of road and grade that exists between Michigan and Massachusetts.

We are just in receipt of the following telegram from A. T. Fuller, Boston, Mass.:

"Will pay you four hundred dollars premium for any delivery on Packard Cars previous to May first."

(Signed.) A. T. FULLER.

"PREMIUMS."

More 1905 Packard cars were sold at a premium than any other car, and before January 1st, 1906, premiums have been offered for 1906 cars. These facts speak volumes, and from these facts we believe the Packard can justly be called the premium car of 1906.

"SPEED."

We have noticed the factories and Agents who are doing most of the speed advertising are those who have never held a record. When a record is broken the maker of the car does not have to advertise the fact. The newspapers save them the trouble and expense. *So much for speed.*

SHAFT DRIVE VS. CHAIN DRIVE.

Thousands of dollars have been spent by advertisers trying to prove that chain drive is preferable to shaft drive, and vice versa. We do not care to argue the pros and cons. We appeal to your better judgment. For illustration: The more wearing parts that are exposed to the mud and dust the less wear and tear. Is this good reasoning? We await your answer? We believe that we are trying to deal with the thinking public, and we do not agree with the late P. T. Barnum, who stated that the American public are never satisfied unless they are being fooled.

HALSEY AUTOMOBILE CO.,

3908-18 Olive Street.

BELL, LINDELL 622.

KINLOCH, DELMAR 2229.

AGENTS: Franklin, Air-Cooled, Stevens-Duryea, Buick.